

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

One of the most attractive features of life is the fact that so many people differ in their tastes, in their impulses and their ambitions, but the funniest part of it is that they do not differ on lines of party, religion and race as they suppose they do, nor do they really differ to any great extent. Differences are nearly all born of self-interest; circumstance and party or social alliance, and it is not too much to say that after all we are very much ourselves. When we say that we are ourselves we admit that we are simply the human product, and while breeding makes considerable difference the animal is very much the same. Take a dog for instance; he is always a dog. He may have spots on his sides or on his ears, but he is a dog. He may be as big as a calf, but that does not change his nature or his classification; he is a dog still. A horse may weigh a ton and have great big pompadour festoons on his fetlocks, and be recognizable in the eye of the man least accustomed to horses as being of the draught species, but he is a horse and his instincts are much the same as those of the racer. Nobody mistakes a mule for a horse, the ear-marks are there for keeps, and little accustomed as we are to mules we can discover them at a glance. A giraffe probably is the most noticeable animal because of its length of neck and peculiar build, and it is always a giraffe, no matter where you put it.

Apparently the world is full of as many varieties of the human species as the whole animal kingdom can display, but an election proves they are all of a kind. They will vote as they wish, not as they think; or as they have been taught or as they are bought. Great issues come up, and the human giraffe, and the mule, and the ox and the ass all walk together to the polls and vote alike if the driver knows his business. Who, then, is the driver? If we could always identify this peculiar personage and know whom to engage when we desire the strange assortment of people to vote as we desire, we could almost invariably win an election and cause trouble to our political enemies. It seems cynical, and yet it is a positive fact that in the most enthusiastic elections in America, when the grass even seems to be on fire, money well applied carries the day. It is a dangerous thing to say, and yet it is just as true as can be that a careful manipulator of men who knows what the self-interest of people is, or what they think it to be, can go about and create attachments to a cause entirely inimical to those who are about to vote. In sizing the voter up as to whether he is the giraffe, the bullock, the horse, the ass or the dog, one may make frequent and serious mistakes, but in the general estimate every election shows that there is somebody who knows what the animal is like. Mark Hanna was the man who did the job for McKinley, and he has no more sympathy with the people than the giraffe has for the dog. There is very little knowledge on the part of the average elector of what will be to his advantage, and he goes as he is told. When the whip cracks he trots or runs. You can hitch him up and drive him single or double, and he is very much like the animal that pulls the dray. You hear of a wave of enthusiasm, of oratory, of the thing that marks a man as being peculiarly adapted to public life; you see a wave bury him a dozen fathoms deep, but if you study the self-interest of the thing, or what people consider the self-interest of the thing, you find that each man is acting selfishly, and if he makes a mistake he is making it absolutely on his own account and charging it up to his employer or to somebody who presumes to tell him what to do.

A horse that runs away is seldom much good afterwards. He discovers his power and the littleness and weakness of his driver. He knows that the driver, while he has the whip and the carriage, and puts the blanket over him, and pays him the little attentions that a horse receives, amounts to nothing. He runs away again. He kicks the buggy to pieces, smashes everything in sight, and revels in the idea that he is a good deal smarter than his master—which is not true, but the fact that he is a good deal stronger remains in his master's memory. People break away occasionally. If, like the runaway horse, they smashed everything to pieces and left the trusts and monopolies and everything on the side of the road, bruised and ruined for future transactions, the trusts and monopolies would recognize the fact that the people were strong; they would drive them carefully; they would cover them when they were cold, and give them food and drink and the necessities of life. But the people seldom dare run away. It is only when generations of injustice teach those who labor and who are ill-fed and ill-used that there is nothing in the performance, that revolutions are brought about; but when they begin to kick and take the bit in their teeth, or become more like the big dog that is being whipped and springs at the throat of its master, they are dangerous. This danger is approaching to the republic to the south of us. The snap of the whip, the fact that the money lords are making all that is being made and that the poor are every day becoming poorer and less effectual in their efforts to preserve their identity, make the handling of them a difficult task. The conditions are the same as they have been since Abraham ruled the tribes and since Joseph became the chief power in Egypt, but it is not always the men of enterprise and integrity and of ability who rule the masses, who would rather not think and seldom run away.

When in Jerusalem, at that time the center of civilization, power, influence and money, a

few squallid citizens, reinforced by a few more from the fishing settlements about Galilee, shouted for Christ and gave Him most self-sacrificing support, the masses stayed with those who governed the country and crucified and imprisoned all those who had an opinion which was not in accord with that which prevailed. Nobody cared, Barabbas, who was the robber and was detested by everybody, was more popular than the Reformer, and oratory cut no figure; the beauty of life was forgotten. The dog was the dog, and the giraffe was the giraffe, and the mule was the mule, and they all walked in procession when the election took place, and they were nearly all on the wrong side. So we will have elections every day and every year, and the ill-bred and the unthinking will fight against themselves. The Pharisees in religion and the bankers in commerce will continue to tell the thoughtless how to act, and the thoughtless will act as they are told. Sometimes the unthinking will be wise in listening to their masters, yet in the long run the seeds of revolution, of civil war, of dis-

things will be magnified into a national struggle. The national life of the United States has been a series of efforts to prove to the world that the great American republic is sufficient unto itself. Now the people who have been declared free and equal are endeavoring to demonstrate this statement, and the conservative element, the element that has money, has position, has power, has everything that is influential, is trying to demonstrate that this is a fallacy, which of course it is.

The people of the United States who were discontented will not emigrate, because most of them have emigrated already and imagined that they had found the City of Refuge. Their only course, and one that threatens disaster to the United States, is in making it a country where people who owe money have a right to repudiate the debt; where people who feel socially oppressed have a right to reorganize society, and where those who are unsuccessful have a right to tax those who have been prosperous. The problem is one that

his criticism of the Voluntary School scheme to which I referred?

The justice of the demand that these Voluntary Schools be recognized as part of the Public School system and receive a grant in proportion to the number of pupils receiving efficient secular instruction therein, is based on the fact that in them the children shall be taught not a "part," but *all* the secular subjects set down in the curriculum for Public Schools, and devote the same number of hours in the day to instruction in these subjects. The first half-hour in the Common Schools it is contemplated will be devoted to such religious instruction as may be common to all Christian communities, or if you will, to simple moral instruction; then in the Voluntary Schools the same half-hour each day can be devoted to that definite religious instruction desired by parents of the denomination supporting such Voluntary Schools. When necessary the children from a Voluntary School could easily be transferred in secular subjects to a Common School, or vice versa. All pupils, both from Voluntary and Common Schools, could compete on a common footing in all examinations carried on under Government control.

I fail to see, and Don does not show, how Voluntary Schools "in operation might be very embarrassing." He admits that the claim that they should have a

evidence that the present school law is a piece of class legislation allowing privileges to the rich and totally ignoring the desires of those who are not so blessed with this world's goods." This is not the case. Class legislation is that which gives to a certain section of the community what is denied or opposed to the interests of another class of the community. The public school system is paid for by everyone who is assessed, and if it is class legislation at all it is opposed to the rich and the childless, for it is opposed to the patrician schools not obtain, except in a general way, any advantage from them. The childless millionaire must pay his school taxes and the poor obtain the advantage. The man who sees fit to educate his children by a governess or tutor, or in a private school, reduces the necessities of the school system of his community to a considerable extent, but he pays his taxes just the same. My contention is that this is right and that "those who desire other phases of education should pay for them" in addition to their taxes. We can not hope to succeed as a nation or to be contented and neighborly as a community unless the great majority are educated side by side. It has been demonstrated in every country where it has been tried that the teaching of religion does not add either to the morality of the community or to the friendliness of those who live side by side. The teaching of religion is no doubt absolutely necessary to the good of the individual, but it is something that should be done in private or under the auspices of a religious teacher who finds those clustering about him agree on all, or nearly all, the points which are to be taught.

If Mr. Baldwin is so eager to have religion taught, why does he not implore the pastors, preachers and priests in charge of the spiritual interests of this city to have schools during the week or on Saturday in which they will voluntarily imbue the children of their parishioners with their particular doctrines? I am very much afraid it is more of a fad than a matter of conscience, but if schools which are equipped under the eye of Government inspectors, which have properly certificated teachers and the curriculum of the public schools established and insisted upon, and such schools proven to relieve the high pressure upon the public schools of large centers of population, it certainly follows that the grant of public money which is distributed amongst the schools should be shared by those who live up to these rules. I am quite convinced that it would relieve the large cities of many inefficient private schools, and it is no use fighting against the interests of those who desire something different from the average public school education. It is better to direct than to forbid; by directing them, these schools can be made efficient; by ignoring or forbidding them, private schools are left to be inefficient, expensive and unsatisfactory.

There is an atom of truth in Mr. Baldwin's contention that the rich should not be the only ones who may choose that their children shall not be brought up on the dead level which our public school system is producing in the evolution of the young subject. Yet the system of public schools should never be attacked by any patriotic Canadian, nor should anybody be permitted to escape taxation which is intended to evolve a literate and patriotic citizen. Beyond this, if they see fit to go, without transgressing the lines laid down for the teaching of primary pupils, there is no reason why voluntary schools should not be recognized if they do not interfere with, but add to, the general public school system, and to the extent that they relieve the public schools they should enjoy the privilege of elevating, the standard of education, and be supported by a grant of public money. DON.

We are told that it is fortunate for honest men that thieves sometimes quarrel, and now it seems that even when moral reformers have a spat, benefit accrues to those of us who do not claim to be converting the world into an Eden. Ald. Spence and Ald. Preston have collided. When they entered the Council together the barometer threatened dirty weather. In readiness to spit and in rapidity of utterance, the city cannot produce two such men, and so it was easy to predict a storm should they take opposite sides on any question. Both being temperance men and all-round moral reformers, it might have appeared unlikely that they should quarrel, all their wakings thoughts being centered upon the great crusade to which they are dedicated. But the man who has been a temperance orator, being absolutely and unquestionably right in all he says, does and thinks upon that question, in course of time finds himself infallible on every possible sort of question. Having been satisfied that the opponents of temperance were consciously and wickedly wrong, he gradually discovers that those who disagree with him in anything outside and beyond temperance are also wrong and determined to adhere to the wrong. A schoolmaster hates to be argued with. He is not used to it. And so Ald. Spence could not understand Ald. Preston, which was disquieting, and Ald. Preston could understand Ald. Spence, which was even more dangerous to the peace, and they soon quarreled.

Having said that Ald. Preston understood Ald. Spence, I find it necessary to qualify that statement. He had a fair general grasp of the character of his late co-worker in moral reform, but he had not a thorough valuation of him either, for he stated that he could tell something that would make Ald. Spence "hang his



ROUMANIAN BEAUTY.

tegration and of the most frightful results, may be sown by the steady march of the animal as he goes to vote.

We are taught that we must vote with our party. This doctrine is being slowly changed in name, but not in effect, and those who hold the majority in their hands are being instructed that they must vote with their dollar.

This has been successful in the United States. McKinley is President and Bryan is defeated. Bryan dared to differ; the party that upheld him was a party of enthusiasm and not more selfish or governed more by self-interest than the Republicans. He has destroyed the old Democratic organization and he will be remembered as the man who disintegrated what was once as great a party as the Whigs, who are now forgotten. Yet the enthusiasm which gave him some States, which marked his progress through the United States as an orator of no mean order, was and is the real spirit of the United States freed from money influences and attached to a man, but it was not strong enough to win against the dollar and the hypocrisy of wealth.

The trusts, the monopolies, the moneyed people who care for nobody and for nothing, have elected their candidate by crying out that their opponents were dishonest and were trying to cheat their creditors. The reconstruction of a bad condition of things is accomplished, for with millionaires and bankers as the apostles of honesty and justice the whole thing was farcical. The rebellious, the unfortunate, the unconstructed are still there, and Bryan is their king if he is not President. Their woes will be the story of a thousand obstructions of what rich people desire. The conspiracy of money against brawn is evident, and every little strike properly handled by those who object to the present condition of

cannot be solved by a Presidential election; it is a question which must be, and will be, considered at many Presidential contests. Nobody can long be master of sixty millions of people, no matter how much money he may own or how largely millions have been expended to declare him or any one person or idea supreme.

The next movement will be to have an army, and that movement will be made by the capitalists. When they can control the masses by the muskets of their hirelings they will be supreme in the United States as they have been supreme in every other country governed by guns, but they cannot do it without the hirelings who are willing to shoot their fellow citizens at so much per day.

The world is possibly getting better as a generality, but it is getting worse as regards commercial transactions. The separation between classes is becoming more marked, and the domination of great fortunes and of houses and of families is becoming more conspicuous and less bearable, but it is wealth and not breeding or education or administrative ability which now makes the difference. The giraffe, and the mule, and the ox, and the ass of the human species are being driven just as they used to be driven, only they are made to trot a little faster, and the driver is more apt to be a boot than a gentleman. The result of the recent election in the United States may be for the best and in support of the best principles, but it is idle to allege that principle had anything to do with it. The Great Dollar was at stake on both sides, and again it was decided that "Unto him who hath shall be given."

SIR.—May I ask space for a few words in reply to Don's comments on my former letter, particularly in

place in the Public School system "does not seem unreasonable." He admits that Voluntary Schools might be worked out "in large centers of population." Let the experiment then tried in the large towns. The fact that in sparsely settled districts the Common School must be the original and chief factor in education is no argument against the adoption of a Voluntary School system wherever the latter can be found to work efficiently and without injury to the Common Schools. The maintenance of Voluntary Schools being dependent on their efficiency will assure their existence only in localities with a population that will justify their establishment.

Don's admission that supporters of Voluntary Schools who at the same time pay taxes to Common Schools are entitled to something, grants the whole case for Voluntary Schools, and brings us to the consideration of what are the rights to which Voluntary Schools are entitled. Don admits that the service of Government inspectors as he suggests is a "small favor" to ask of the Government. Surely when a number of parents organize and erect and equip at their own expense a suitable building for school purposes and maintain there efficient secular instruction on the exact lines of the Common Schools and subject to State inspection, it is only just and right that such schools should receive from the State a grant which is in proportion to the cost of maintaining and imparting such secular instruction. The amount to be received by them, I propose, should be based on the grant made for the same purpose to the Common Schools in each municipality.

Don's contention that "those who desire other forms of education should pay for them" is evidence that the present school law is a piece of class legislation allowing privileges to the rich and totally ignoring the desires of those who are not so blessed with this world's goods.

Toronto, October 27, 1896.

In the above letter Mr. Baldwin approaches the question of Voluntary Schools in a more serious spirit than in his first epistle. Even yet, however, he misses what I endeavored to make the mainspring of everything I have written on the school question. He says that my admission that "those who desire other forms of education should pay for them" is

Nov. 7, 1896

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

Social and Personal.

THE annual military church parade to Massey Music Hall was last Sunday the observed of all observers. The afternoon was fine, and though hundreds of cyclists only witnessed the march without entering the hall, yet that mammoth building was well crowded as usual. We dearly love a uniform (and sometimes what is inside it), and nowhere do people honor their citizen soldiers more than in Toronto. The Government House party, including Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick and a cavalier or two, were in the west stage box, into which they had some difficulty in obtaining entrance, being obliged to wait for some moments to have it unlocked. This was an oversight which should not happen. Lady Gzowski and party were *vis-à-vis*, and the Mayor and Mrs. Fleming and party faced the Massey loge. The other boxes were occupied also. Colonel Sir Casimir Gzowski was present, being received as representing the Queen by the officers standing. The handsome old man looked remarkably well, as everyone noticed. The various colonels, majors and captains were resplendent as an ornamental 'tringe' to the Dragoons, the Body Guard and the Artillery men, who perched in the neighborhood of that ludicrous and unsightly gazebo, the great organ. The band of the 48th Highlanders under Mr. Slatter played the voluntaries and hymns. We don't attempt the Canticles any more, thank you, having made an inglorious mess of them once or twice. But the band furnished the finest accompaniment I have heard yet at these services, and the hymns were fairly well sung. I heard a woman remark when the last one was announced, "I hope they play the old tune," which they didn't. A rousing and inspiring verse of the National Anthem, sung with all the strength of the crowd, seemed a fitting and happy finish up to a short and sensible sermon, in which Rev. Arthur Baldwin read the honor roll, so to speak, of Christian soldiers, feelingly mentioning the name of his old parishioner, Lieutenant Fitch of Athlone. This young hero was Mr. Baldwin's idea of true soldier. Those of us who love the red-coats thought also of another young soldier whose name is off the rolls since the last annual service; clever, bright, handsome Andy Irving was remembered by many a friend. After the service the boys marched through the streets to the Armories by a circuitous route, the saluting point to Colonel Ditter, D.A.G., being the junction of King and Yonge streets. I hear the marching was not so good as it has been. By the way, that reminds me of the danger I've been in of having my head dropped in the basket, because in mentioning the winning of the prize for armory decoration at the band concert I only referred to "B" Co. 48th Highlanders, whereas "B" Co. Q.O.R., and "E" Co. Grenadiers, also got prizes, the contests being regimental. The irate young lady who wrote me that she was "highly disgusted" at my oversight, will perhaps accept this amende honorable, which I make with the greatest terror of worse to follow should I neglect doing so.

Mrs. E. E. Sheppard and family are expected home next week by the Red Star steamer Friarland.

Mrs. Beatty of Grenville street gave a charming tea last week.

The chrysanthemum sleeve is the latest agony, and is as pretty as pretty can be. I peeped into a box on Stitt's counter on Tuesday, which was being sent out of town, and saw this new sleeve in corn-colored satin. I should like to see the Pitty Sing who will ravish the eyes of her female friends when she salls about in her chrysanthemum sleeves. She should make them sit up; for as the sterner half of creation, we all know they don't perceive whether one wears chrysanthemum sleeves, antediluvian puffs or any old thing. They only notice whether the arm in the sleeve is round and white.

A reckless person has the audacity to enquire, "Who is the prettiest married woman in Toronto?" I put the query to half a dozen to-day, and each one replied with equal promptness and disregard of Lindley Murray, "Why me, of course!"

The festivities which mark St. Andrew's Day take on alternate years the form of a dinner and a ball, and no social function is so full of jollity as those observed in memory of Scotia's patron saint. Toronto has a solid stratum of Scotch among her varied nationalities. In social circles, from our Lady of Government House down to the pretty wife tremulously giving her first tea, the women of the Scottish strain are pre-eminently noted for their taste and richness of garb. Many of them have large, handsome houses, not built the day before yesterday, roomy grounds fenced in when taxes were lower than they are now. Though later houses perform have shrunken and gardens best dressed and most hospitable of Toronto's hostesses are singularly unchanged. The same lavish hospitality and hearty welcome which made their doings famous in bygone days, mark their entertainments to-day. For, unlike many of our society folk, these Scottish people are not only good at getting, but at keeping their incomes in five figures. At St. Andrew's ball rich gowns are the almost invariable rule, and this year will be no exception. There are bonnie brides of Scotchmen keeping their most ravishing toilettes for the coming dance. Others, not so nationally interested, are making great preparations for the same date. I hear of several beautiful girls who will make their entrance into society on that occasion, and every dainty white dream of millinery outside a bridal robe will be worn by them. Bridal robes will also be in evidence. I am told one of this week's brides, who was married quite within her own family circle, will wear her exquisite bridal toilette at St. Andrew's ball. Mrs. Michie and Mrs. McCulloch, two sweet and popular young matrons, are sure to be tremendously smart. Taking it altogether, I do not remember a season when so many newly wedded couples were ready to grace an opening dance. *Petite* Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Beatty (*nee* Lee) and her fine, handsome sister-in-law, Mrs. Harry Beatty,



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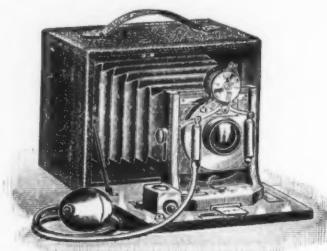
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Mrs. James Thorburn, and several others will occur to anyone who has been in Toronto society for the past few months. A bridal quadrille is spoken of as the next to the quadrille of honor usually danced at public balls. What an array of stunning women would take their places at such an one! I can scarcely wait for St. Andrew's ball to see it *fait accompli*.

A beautiful Hallowe'en dinner was given to a large party of ladies and gentlemen on Saturday evening at the Country and Hunt Club by Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, in honor of their friend, Mr. Morrell of Harrowgate, Eng., who spent a few days in Toronto, and left for New York on Monday. The party drove from the Queen's on the four-in-hand coach, and spent a delightful evening in the cosy quarters on the cliffs of Lake Ontario. I cannot imagine a more charming place for a celebration of th

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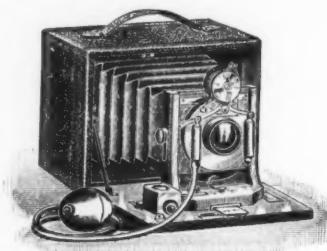
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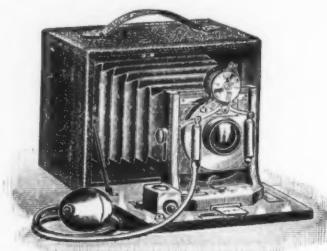
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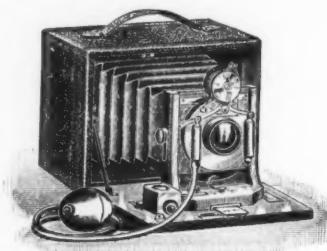
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Mrs. James Thorburn, and several others will occur to anyone who has been in Toronto society for the past few months. A bridal quadrille is spoken of as the next to the quadrille of honor usually danced at public balls. What an array of stunning women would take their places at such an one! I can scarcely wait for St. Andrew's ball to see it *fait accompli*.

A beautiful Hallowe'en dinner was given to a large party of ladies and gentlemen on Saturday evening at the Country and Hunt Club by Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, in honor of their friend, Mr. Morrell of Harrowgate, Eng., who spent a few days in Toronto, and left for New York on Monday. The party drove from the Queen's on the four-in-hand coach, and spent a delightful evening in the cosy quarters on the cliffs of Lake Ontario. I cannot imagine a more charming place for a celebration of th

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so highly valued in these *soul-dissant* aesthetic times depends far more on the form than on the face.

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If you desire a faultless figure, and see that your dressmaker uses the

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THE COURIER'S RIDE.

BY MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

THE sun was fast declining, and the stately poplars were casting long-drawn shadows across the roadway. There was a tinkling of bells in the distance, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, and the breath of evening could be felt in the atmosphere.

Monsieur Bouton had exchanged his horse at Rouillé for a fresh one, and the spirited animal was galloping along the highway at a rate of speed that, barring accidents, would bear his rider to the gateway of Paris before many hours.

Bouton seemed scarcely to notice his horse's movements, however, but sat with his chin low down in his collar, as if in deep meditation; and indeed he had much to occupy his thoughts, for his Emperor was an exile at Elba, and the Bourbon King was lording it over the people of France with a presumption that made many a man hate him. Besides, Bouton was upon a mission of such importance that his life was in constant jeopardy. In those days the penalty for assisting the Bonapartists was death, and Fouché's spies were constantly on the alert.

By the time the sun had disappeared, however, and the flare of gold in the west had changed to purple, and then to cobalt, the roof of the first post-station appeared among some trees in the distance, and the sight of it aroused Bouton to a sense of his surroundings. He had been riding three hours, and so deep had been his meditation that he was surprised to learn how fast his horse had traveled. With a feeling of regret that he had been so careless, he brought the animal to a walk and looked him over to see how the journey had told upon him. But the horse was of good breed and proved equal to the emergency. Nevertheless, Bouton permitted him to walk to the post-station, where he halted. As he dismounted he noticed a horseman in the distance, and a feeling of uneasiness came over him.

It is amusing to note how obsequious an inn-keeper can become when he feels that he is about to have the patronage of a man of means and distinction. The restless rubbing of hands, the delighted expression of countenance, the bowing and scraping on the part of mine host are no doubt flattering to the average guest, and he is usually so taken up with these little attentions that the apothegm, "Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly, is never thought of. No sooner had Bouton announced himself than he became the object of such attention, much to the curiosity of several loungers present. Then the hostler took care of his horse, and Father Sauvage, the inn-keeper, very graciously escorted him to a room.

"A bottle of wine, and some bread and cheese," said Bouton. "Be as quick as you can, for I have not long to wait."

Pere Sauvage, with an obeisance which was something akin to a Turkish salam, left the room to do his guest's bidding. Before he could return, however, the sound of horses' feet outside announced the arrival of another guest, no doubt the man who had been sighted in the distance. Bouton stepped to the window and looked cautiously out, but immediately sank back into his seat, with a considerable show of trepidation. He had seen Father Sauvage and the stranger enter into conversation, and had overheard the words, "Bouton, the Bonapartist." Involuntarily he drew a pistol from his inner coat pocket, and after examining the priming, replaced it. Then, as the tramp of the horse's feet again sounded upon his ears, he crept to the window for another observation. The man had dismounted, and the hostler was leading the horse to the stable. A few moments later Father Sauvage entered the room with the refreshments, and found Bouton carelessly glancing over the latest edition of the *Moniteur*, which he had taken from his pocket.

"You have another guest?" said he indifferently.

"Yes, monsieur. And as I have no other room, I am forced to ask permission to show him in here."

"He is welcome, I assure you. My time is limited and we shall not disturb each other long."

It was not many minutes before the man entered. He was in civilian attire, yet in every move he displayed the bearing of a soldier.

"I hope I do not intrude?" said he, as he entered.

"Not at all," said Bouton.

The man seated himself at the other end of the table, and gave an order for refreshments. Bouton poured himself another glass of wine, and proceeded with his bread and cheese. The stranger eyed him closely.

"Have you traveled far?" said Bouton presently.

"From Lyons, monsieur. And you?"

"From Avignon."

"For Paris?"

"Yes, monsieur. And you?"

"I am on my way to Paris also. Do you start soon?"

"Within the hour."

"Good, for I also start within the hour. Have you any objection to company?"

"None in the least, monsieur. The night will be dark. Good company is a relief upon a lonely road."

"You start——"

"In ten minutes, monsieur."

"I will not keep you waiting. Since we are to be companions, permit me to introduce myself. My name is Gervex."

"Mine is Le Gallienne," said Bouton, as he rose from the table.

The man looked up with a dubious expression. Evidently he expected to hear another name.

"But you will drink a toast with me, Monsieur le Gallienne, will you not?" said he quickly, as if remembering the part he was playing.

At this moment Father Sauvage entered with Gervex's order.

"With pleasure," said Bouton.

Father Sauvage made his exit. Gervex poured two glasses of wine; then rising from the table he Bouton held their glasses aloft.

"To the King!" cried Gervex, at the same time giving Bouton a piercing glance.

"To the King," responded Bouton, without the slightest change of countenance that would reveal his aversion to the Bourbons, but under his breath he muttered, "The King of Rome."

The wine was tossed off at a gulp, and Bouton, making his obeisance, started for the door.

With a cynical expression upon his face, Gervex sought to detain him.

"You are leaving me early, monsieur," said he. "I should like to drink a toast at your proposal."

Stung by the taunt, for he was certain the man intended to taunt him, Bouton returned and filled the glasses again.

"Shall it be Corporal Violet, monsieur?" said Gervex with a meaning look.

Bouton could have throttled the man, but he strove to keep an amiable mien. Corporal Violet was the name the Bonapartists had given the Emperor that they might speak of him without being suspected. Bouton knew that Gervex had learned the secret.

"Let it be Vive la France," said he, looking Gervex straight in the eyes.

"Ah, very good," said Gervex. "Vive la France it is, with all my heart."

Again the glasses were drained at a gulp, and for a moment the men stood looking at each other with the hope of penetrating beyond the mere exterior. Gervex was not sure that he had been baffled; Bouton was certain that he stood in the presence of a spy.

"You will excuse me now, Monsieur Gervex," said Bouton, moving toward the door.

"Certainly, Monsieur le Gallienne," said Gervex, "if I must."

As Bouton bowed himself from the room, Gervex resumed his seat at the table and began to eat.

Scarcely had Bouton left the room when Pere Sauvage reappeared. Gervex glared at him menacingly.

"You have been lying to me," said he fiercely.

"I have spoken the truth, monsieur," said Father Sauvage.

"You said he was Bouton, the Bonapartist."

"Well, am I not right?"

"He gave the name Le Gallienne."

"Pooh! A mere *nouveau guerre*."

"Then you are sure?"

"I am certain, monsieur."

"Very good. Have you looked to his pistols as I told you?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then let me know the moment he is ready to start."

The inn-keeper left the room with a bow, and Gervex proceeded with his meal.

At the appointed time the horses of the two men stood before the inn door, awaiting their respective riders. The one belonging to Gervex was a large, heavy-limbed gray, but strong and full of spirit. The other was a lithe, sleek bay, and so fiery as to show impatience at being detained.

Bouton, on comparing the two, saw at once that he should come to a trial of speed, his horse would surely be the winner; yet he also saw that in a long chase the gray would display the greater endurance. He had begun to form his plans of escaping this man, whom he believed to be one of Fouché's spies, when Gervex made his appearance and signified that he was ready to start. It was now dark, and there was every indication that it would be a moonless night, but the stars were shining in myriads, and the sky was as clear as crystal.

As Bouton mounted he noticed that the pistol holster on the opposite side of the saddle from him, as he stood in the doorway, had been tampered with. The pistol was there, however, but he felt satisfied that the charges had been drawn, and he was very thankful that he had made a practice of carrying a third pistol upon his person. The pistol handles of his companion looked ominously from their holsters, and he was certain that they were well charged and that Gervex knew how to use them. With a feeling of chagrin he perceived that he had fallen into a trap.

He knew that he must get rid of his companion before they reached the next post-station or his fate would be sealed, and if he seemed reluctant to enter into conversation it was because his mind was busy with plans of escape.

Gervex was busy too. He watched Bouton closely for a time, as if trying to divine his thoughts; then he began to compare the two horses, and he also made up his mind as to what he should do in case any attempt at flight was made.

"You have a splendid horse there, monsieur," said he, after they had traveled a short distance.

"Yes, he is a fairly good one," said Bouton. "I think he has good staying powers."

"You have not ridden him from Avignon?"

"No. From Rouillé."

"I think I have seen Bonaparte's famous General de Lue upon just such a horse."

"Indeed! You knew the General?"

"I served under him."

"You have seen service?"

"A little—in Spain."

"But you serve the King now, I presume?"

"In a way. And you, Monsieur Bouton—I mean Monsieur le Gallienne?"

A thrill of alarm swept over Bouton at the man's audacity. He realized that he was known to him, and his first impulse was to shoot him at once, but he recovered himself instantly and decided not to notice the man's pretended blunder.

"I am not in service at present," said he coolly.

After this the two relapsed into silence, and only the clatter of their horses' feet was to be heard. The horses were galloping neck and neck. Occasionally Bouton would urge his

horse forward, but the gray was always at his side. Then seeing that Gervex was on the alert, he rode more leisurely, and for a considerable distance the horses galloped side by side, while their masters remained silent and watchful. Twice Bouton thought of drawing his pistol and ridding himself of his companion, but Gervex watched him so closely that he knew he could not get his pistol out in time, so he gave up the idea. Presently, however, luck turned in his favor. Gervex's horse took fright at something at the side of the road and gave a sudden lunge forward. At the same moment Bouton heard something snap.

"*Tonneur de Dieu!*" exclaimed Gervex, grasping the horse's mane to save himself from falling; "my saddle girth has broken."

For Gervex it was a moment of defeat; for Bouton a moment of triumph. Gervex could not go on until he had mended his saddle girth, and Bouton was upon such urgent business that he could not stop. So pressing his spurs to his horse's flanks he hurried on, with a feeling of exultation at his companion's mishap.

Meanwhile, with very little loss of time, Gervex succeeded in mending his saddle girth. Then springing into the saddle, he started in hot pursuit. He was familiar with the road, and he knew that a short distance ahead there was a turn which brought the highway to a right angle. By cutting across the fields, and urging his horse to the utmost speed he felt that he could intercept Bouton, and he made free use of his spurs as an incentive. But Bouton had the fleetest horse, and succeeded in passing the point at which Gervex hoped to intercept him, two minutes before the gray succeeded in reaching the road. Gervex saw him, however, and gave chase with renewed energy. For a few moments it was evident that the gray was gaining upon Bouton, and in a fit of impatience Gervex drew a pistol and fired. Bouton heard the bullet cut through the leaves overhead. His spirited horse sprang forward with a snort, and the chase began in earnest.

Immediately upon leaving Gervex, after the breaking of the saddle girth, Bouton had examined his pistols, and, as he expected, discovered that the charges had been drawn. He also examined the one he carried upon his person, and congratulated himself that it was ready for service. He looked around and with considerable satisfaction perceived that the distance between himself and his pursuer was slowly but surely increasing. They were dashing along with the speed of the wind; now through a clump of wood, where everything was dark and gruesome; now into an opening, where they could see the stars shimmering above them; then over a bridge, with a sound like thunder; and through the streets of a little hamlet, with the horses' feet striking fire from the cobble stones; and on, and on, until it seemed their horses must soon fall from exhaustion, and yet the distance between them had not increased over a quarter of a league.

Suddenly Bouton perceived that his horse was at its utmost speed, and that the strain was beginning to tell upon him. With considerable anxiety he turned to his pursuer, hoping to see some sign of fatigue displayed in the movements of the gray, but that sturdy animal came on with a leap that threatened to overhaul him in a very short time. Something must be done, and that very soon. But before Bouton had made up his mind how he should act, his horse began to lunge, and he knew that he was done for, yet with the aid of the bit and the spurs he managed to keep him up another league. By this time the gray had gained rapidly. They were nearing another clump of trees, when Gervex drew his second pistol and fired. Bouton felt the bullet cut through the sleeve of his coat. Then his horse stumbled, lost his step, staggered and fell in a heap upon the roadway. Fortunately, Bouton was not hurt in the fall, and, hastily scrambling to one side of the road, he drew his pistol and awaited the arrival of his pursuer. Gervex had seen Bouton's horse go down, and believing that in another moment its owner would be his prisoner, he began to draw rein and came to a walk within a short distance of the fallen animal. Bouton immediately sprang out in front of him, with a pistol aimed at his head.

"I will trouble you to dismount, Monsieur Gervex," said he.

The panting gray was immediately brought to a halt. Gervex was quick to understand the predicament he was in, yet, striving to take his defeat as coolly as possible, began to laugh merrily.

"Perhaps you are not aware, monsieur, that your pistol is unloaded," said he jocosely, throwing one leg carelessly over the horn of his saddle.

"On the contrary, monsieur," replied Bouton, "it has not been tampered with. I make a practice of carrying a third pistol upon my person. I assure you this one is quite ready for the emergency. Now, which will you do? Come down peacefully, or will you compel me to bring you down at my own pleasure?"

"Oh, as to that, monsieur," said Gervex slyly. "I am quite at your service."

And suiting the word to action he sprang to the ground. For a moment the two stood glaring at each other, the one vindictively, the other with an expression of chagrin.

"I shall now trouble you to stand beside that tree, monsieur," said Bouton, pointing with his pistol to a tree that stood near his fallen horse.

Without a word Gervex obeyed him.

"If you make the slightest stir, monsieur, until I give you my consent, you are a dead man," said Bouton.

Gervex shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. Bouton, keeping his eyes upon Gervex, knelt beside his horse, placed his pistol upon the ground within easy reach, and proceeded to unbuckle the bridle-rein. This done, he picked up his pistol, and with the bridle-rein in hand, stepped towards Gervex.

"Now, monsieur," said he, "you see that tree within the broken limb standing just back from the road?"

Gervex signified by a glance and a nod of the head, that he saw the tree indicated.

"Very well," said Bouton. "Be good enough to advance toward it."

When they reached the tree Bouton compelled Gervex to stand with his back against it. "I have no wish to take your life," said Bouton, "but I shall certainly do so if you make the slightest effort to resist me. I will

Two Important Points

About the growth and manufacture of

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CEYLON TEA

Absolute purity and cleanliness of preparation. Sold in its native purity in sealed lead packets only.

25, 40, 50 and 60c. per lb.

What They Would Have Lost.

Tit-Bits.

The following story is related of a gentleman who invited a number of Sunday school children to a treat in his beautiful grounds. Not the least appreciated among the many good things were the excellent strawberries and cream, of which there was a

QUEER CORNER

NOTICE.—The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT are requested to contribute information to this department. Information regarding events that have occurred in Canada will be especially welcomed, although facts, whether original or not, native or foreign, will be published if interesting. Queer occurrences are constantly happening, and we are anxious to place them before you. Any interesting item on any subject will be published.

Any fact, article or piece of information sent in and not used will be returned by the editor and the reason of its rejection explained. Address letters to "Queer Corner," SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto.

ANIMALS THAT NEVER DRINK.

There are several animals that live without drinking. The llamas of Patagonia, and the doreas and gazelles of Abyssinia, are reputed non-drinkers. A parrot lived fifty-two years in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, without drinking a drop of water, and many naturalists believe the only moisture imbibed by wild rabbits is derived from green herbage laden with dew. Many reptiles—serpents, lizards, and certain batrachians—live and thrive in places entirely devoid of water, and sloths are also said never to drink. An arid district in France has produced a race of non-drinking cows and sheep, and from the milk of the former, Rochefort cheese is made. There is a species of mouse which has established itself on the waterless plains of Western America, and which flourishes notwithstanding the absence of moisture.

NOSE IMPROVERS.

In the *Strand Magazine* for November, L. S. Lewis describes a machine for changing the shape of the human nose, invented by Prof. Lees Ray of Wavertree, near Liverpool, and patented in Great Britain, France and America. He gives a picture of the machine, which is made of padded brass plates and screws, so that an ugly nose may be transformed into any desired shape. A lotion is sent out with each machine to prevent any soreness. Portraits are given of several faces with noses in their original and altered shapes. We reproduce two portraits of one young man who tried four



Grymes—I wonder why all those ducks stay over near Brown's Point?
Rhymes—Why there's a couple of dude sportsmen over there.



"Which Nose suits me best?"

styles of nose before he was suited. It seems that one can wear a new nose every week if he so desires. Prof. Ray gives amusing instances of the work he is doing. One man, to break an engagement, ordered his nose to be made as ugly as possible until he could get free. One young man who had built up for himself a reputation as a prize-fighter, came to have his nose disfigured so that he might look like a bruiser. The nose used to indicate one's character, but this machine promises to upset all calculations and knock the study of physiognomy endwise.

THE EGG TRADE.

There are 30,000,000 hens in Great Britain, but still that country imports 1,500,000,000 eggs every year. In supplying eggs to Great Britain, Germany stands first, France second and Russia third. Canada is not doing what she might in this direction.

THE AUBINS OF MONTREAL.

To get information about the peculiar sects in Canada we have to go abroad. An English paper says: "Of all religious enthusiasts, the Aubins of Montreal are perhaps the most ascetic. They sleep at night in collars, narrow and grim and black. These gruesome resting-places are not cushioned or even lined, and year in and year out the devotees occupy them, for the betterment of their souls and a more thorough forgetting of the vanities of the world. They subsist upon bread and water, and to vary the weird monotony of such living, they spend hours of each day bent in prayer about an altar in a darkened chapel, their necks laden with chains of great weight."

THE HERO OF TRAFALGAR.

Wednesday, October 21, was Trafalgar Day and was widely celebrated. There are evidences that the magazines may start a Nelson boom now that Napoleon has petered out. We give a drawing of the combined knife and fork used by Nelson, who, as everybody knows, lost his right eye and right arm in action. Rider Haggard is a Nelson collector. He has the mahogany washstand that stood in Nelson's cabin on board the Victory. Several years ago,



Nelson's Combined Knife and Fork.

whilst ferreting among some old curiosity shops in Norwich, Mr. Haggard espied what he at once recognized as a life-size bust of Nelson cut in oak. Judge of his delight and astonishment when, after completing the purchase, he discovered upon the back of it the words, "Nelson Wood of the Victory, 1812." Speaking of Nelson, an amusing anecdote is related in connection with his visit to Yarmouth in 1801, which strikingly illustrates the gallant admiral's great good humor, even under the most trying circumstances. It appears that the enterprising proprietor of the Wrestler's Inn applied to his lordship for permission to put up his arms over his establishment and to change the name of his house to that of the Nelson Hotel. Nelson's characteristic reply was at the effect that whilst the hotelkeeper was at perfect liberty to change the name of his inn, he must surely be aware that he (Lord Nelson) had no arms to spare!

READY FOR 201 DUELS.

There seems to be just as much rivalry now among the followers of the Italian and French styles of sword play as in the days of A Gentleman of France as written by Stanley J. Weyman. Signor Greco, the champion swordsman of Italy, recently made a tour of France, and

criticisms made upon his work were so severe that he has issued challenges for 201 duels. The challenged parties are two hundred French editors and the president of the French National Fencing Society. No one has as yet taken up Greco's gauntlet.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

We have learned, says the *Popular Science News*, from credible sources that St. von Niementowski has prepared a paper giving an account of carboxethylthorouamidoxy-lamide, of nitrometamethylthorouamidoxybenzoyl, of amidomethylthorouamidoxybenzoyl, of dinitromethylthorouamidoxybenzoyl, of diaminomethylthorouamidoxybenzoyl, and of the diacetyl derivative of diaminomethylthorouamidoxybenzoyl.

CAUSES OF DEATH.

Only 900 persons in 1,000,000, according to medical authority, die from old age, while 1,200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 2,700 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping-cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus, and 7,000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

TOM THUMB'S WIDOW.

Mrs. Tom Thumb is still alive, and aged 55 years. She lives somewhere in Indiana, and drives about in the tiny carriage drawn by Shetland ponies, presented to her by Queen Victoria. She is married to Count Magee, a dwarf. This little chap has the smallest bicycle on record. It has a 14 inch wheel, a 12 inch frame and weighs ten pounds.

IS THIS THE OLDEST PIANO?

Mrs. Betts of Arran owns probably the oldest piano in Canada. It was brought to this country by a relative in 1802, is somewhat antiquated of course, but quite a curiosity, and from its style must have been one of the earliest.

SOME QUEER POINTS.

Last year there were 14,900 football clubs in Great Britain.

The British have won 82 per cent. of the battles they have fought.

Seven descendants of Queen Victoria either now occupy or are destined to occupy separate thrones.

Robert Scott, a farmer living in Scott township, York county, dislocated his jaw while yawning.

A copper coin, swallowed nearly a year ago by an infant child of Alexander McLean of Wallaceburg, caused the death of the baby last night.

On the Lake Erie and Detroit River Railway a special train plunged at full speed into a lorry which was standing on the track. When the train was stopped the engineer found the lorry astride the smoke-stack. The hand-car was all right but the smoke-stack was considerably damaged.

It is a fact that in large cities dark-colored hens' eggs command a higher price than the white eggs. R. B. Wait, a poultcher at Huntsville, feeds his hens brick dust mixed with their food. The eggs at first changed to mottled and finally to a beautiful deep brown, and Mr. Wait now gets a better price for his hen fruit.

Frank Judd, a Cherrywood farmer, hung himself, but not with suicidal intentions. He was standing on the seat of a buggy picking apples, when the horses suddenly started. In falling Judd's coat caught on a stout limb and all the buttons were ripped off except the one at the collar, which held the victim as neatly and securely as any hangman's knot. Judd was left kicking and struggling, and would have been strangled had not a passer-by rescued him.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every grapho-logical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Grapho-logical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not desired. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ALBERT JUSTEYNE.—The writing is not attractive, being self-assertive, sharp-tempered and impatient. The will is excellent and purpose constant, little imagination and a rather brusque manner, no use of ideas, a tendency to idealism. What's the use of expecting a satisfactory delineation of an unformed character?

CHARITY.—Of course Grimsby is pretty. I found that out for myself last summer. 2. As to your writing, it is rather unformed, but shows a careful, conscientious and reliable person, sure to finish well what you undertake, deliberate and not by any

means lacking in smartness and ability. You are gentle, hopeful and good-tempered, but years have their developing work yet for you!

B. OR C.—I don't think it is quite honorable to one's correspondents to send scraps of their letters to a graphologist. In rare cases, when there is a very personal interest and the character is vividly told, I have sometimes given a slight delineation. 2. Your writing shows marked and sensitive feeling, much bright and intuitive perception, an imaginative mind, good self-reliance, some touches of vanity, very hasty judgment, fine decision and constancy. A dainty lady.

FLORENCE K.—Refinement, culture and a rather conventional mind are betrayed by this study. Good and clear ideas, able for argument, self-respect and sense of honor are shown. Writer is self-controlled, decided, cheerful and independent. It is doubtless the writing of one at home in choice circles and of considerable natural and acquired gifts. No one writing such a hand could be either silly or coarse in thought or impulse. Thanks for a charming study. Are you not perhaps an Old Country woman?

E. M. G.—Your letter was certainly more than the rules called for, but it amused me very much. I am glad the momentous question was satisfactorily settled. Your writing shows the artistic temperament, a gentle rather than forceful method, great sense of humor and a cheerful disposition; you are always able to make the best of anything and adapt yourself to circumstances. Your ideas are clear and connected and your ability unquestionable. Sociability, good temper and a sympathetic and tactful way, with capacity for strong affection, are shown.

GUINEVERE.—Ruth Ashmore is a very good woman, and it will be quite prudent and safe to do as she says. But I should like to tell you that there is and, cannot be, any harm in wearing any college colors, pins or badges. Neither is there the least impropriety. Don't worry over such silly matters. Wear the colors or the pins if you feel like it, and it will all be the same in the Spring! Try, my little one, to relieve your mind of these trivialities. There are so many grand things to fill it with. Remember you are the making of a woman, the loveliest thing alive. 2. Your writing shows strength, facility and appreciation. You are very discreet, a trifle pessimistic, bright and receptive, lacking any diplomacy, and inclined to neglect the softer graces; I believe your instincts will nearly always guide you aright. I do not like your writing; it is not natural, and does not do you justice. You are by no means a commonplace girl, and should make a very fine woman.

Things Slowly Learned.

There is a man in Scotland who used to write many readable and instructive things. He signed himself "A Country Parson," and a bright parson he is. One of his essays is entitled "Things Slowly Learned," a good line of thought for anybody.

Well, here is one of the things slowly learned—that disease doesn't jump on a man like a wild cat out of a tree, but develops from seeds and conditions, just as roses and weeds do. We who write and print the essays of which these lines are one, have said this a hundred times; but all the people don't seem to have thoroughly grasped the idea yet.

For if Mr. Theodore Treasure alone had done so, he wouldn't have suffered ten years from attacks of rheumatic fever. In November, 1891, he says he had a fearful time with it. He tells us in a letter that he had dreadful pains all over his body, and when so sore he couldn't bear anything to touch him. Even the bedclothes hurt him like a feather against a sore eye. "I got little or no sleep," he says, "tossing all the night long, and trying to get ease by a shift of position."

"I had a foul taste in my mouth, and spat up a great quantity of slimy phlegm. My appetite left me, and the little food I forced down gave me great pain at the chest and sides. For five months I was confined to my room, most of the time unable to leave my bed, and what I suffered during that time I have no words to describe."

Anone who has ever been through that sort of thing can easily believe what Mr. Treasure says, for when every muscle and joint in a man's body is throbbing with inflammation, it isn't any common collection of words that can set forth his feelings. It is agony and torment in the supreme degree. Yet we ought to know better than to have it. But we don't—not yet.

"I was perfectly helpless," continues our friend, "and we could scarcely move. In fact, the people had to move me from one side of the

Fibre Chamois.

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ALBERT JUSTEYNE.—The writing is not attractive, being self-assertive, sharp-tempered and impatient. The will is excellent and purpose constant, little imagination and a rather brusque manner, no use of ideas, a tendency to idealism. What's the use of expecting a satisfactory delineation of an unformed character?

CHARITY.—Of course Grimsby is pretty. I found that out for myself last summer. 2. As to your writing, it is rather unformed, but shows a careful, conscientious and reliable person, sure to finish well what you undertake, deliberate and not by any

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bed to the other. Month after month I was laid up and suffering in this way. I had a doctor attending me, but he wasn't able to do much to relieve me.

Finally, to cut the story short, I came to hear of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I read about it in a book that was left at my house. The book said this medicine was good for rheumatism and so my wife got a bottle from Mr. Ford, the grocer, at Oakhill. After taking it for a week I felt great relief. Then I kept on taking it and not long afterwards I found it had cured me; it had completely driven the rheumatism out of my system. I am willing you should publish these facts, and you can refer any inquiries to me. (Signed) Theodore Treasure (Wagon and Horses Inn, Doultong, Shepton Mallett, November 3, 1893.)

Now let's bark back a moment. To the thoughtful reader Mr. Treasure's story may look a trifle confused and mixed. That is, he describes the symptoms of rheumatism proper connected with a lot of other symptoms that you'd see at the first blush to have anything to do with rheumatism. But there's where Mr. Treasure is right and the reader wrong. His account shows that he is a victim of chronic indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver—and that covers the whole ground. Rheumatism (*and this is the slowly learned lesson*) is merely a nasty symptom of a dyspeptic condition of the digestive organs. At the outset it means too much eating and drinking. This results in the formation of a poisonous acid which fills the body and produces the local outbreak called rheumatism. Hence we cure it from within not without. And this *true* idea is also a new idea—do you see?

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MISS ANNIE RICHARDSON, ELOCUTIONIST.

THE revival of Hoyt's political satire, *A Texas Steer*, is very timely. The "Steer" is not, as might be supposed, a juvenile gentleman cow, but has reference to the report which will be presented by a select committee of three who have visited Washington at the request of the constituents of a certain Congressman, to enquire into their representative's behavior and report as to the advisability of re-electing him. The play opens with the election to Congress of Maverick Brander, a Texas cattle-king, which is contrary to his wishes but quite in accord with the social ambitions of his wife and pretty daughter. However, his scruples are overcome and he goes to Washington convinced that, of all times in his life, is the occasion on which sterling worth and unflinching integrity will stand him in good stead. Unfortunately, he encounters a certain Mr. Brassy Gall, who seems to be a power in Washington, who soon educates him up to a more accurate conception of what is expected of him. He makes such rapid progress in his upward—or downward—career that by the time the deputation arrives he has learned how to treat them, and they depart with an intense feeling of satisfaction with their representative and—three very bad headaches. The various incidents of his life in Washington and his gradual but complete transformation from the ruggedly honest and uncompromising Westerner to the smooth, slick politician, who has had the wool pulled over his eyes and knows consequently how to pull it over other people's, are all depicted with exquisite humor, and though the travesty be broad, the semblance of likeness to the reality is never lost. It is a photograph, a little retouched perhaps, but not a caricature.

Such plays as *A Texas Steer* are a blessed and welcome relief from the wearying succession of gurgling melodramas and wishy-washy comedies that appear and disappear, emphatically unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

They are mirth-provoking, because genuine merriment is as infectious as small-pox and leaves no bitter taste behind. Give a man something to laugh at—something worth laughing at—and, no matter what his mental and moral condition may be, you have done him much good. Great, then, is the man who laughs, who has learned that the life-giving influences of genuine mirth will drive the sour, dull cobwebs of premature old age from heart and brain, and keep mind and intellect alertly receptive to every pleasant thing. There is a senility with which the date of one's birth has nothing whatever to do; white hair does not always indicate its presence, nor does adolescence imply exemption from it. There are many—God bless them—who seem never to grow old, who value pure, honest fun for its own sake, for the good it does them, and, through them, the rest of us. Let me say, then, that you, whoever you are, missed something you could not well afford to miss if you did not see *A Texas Steer* at the Grand this week. Space does not permit of a review of the manner in which each actor performed his part; all were good, and *A Texas Steer* ought to be very popular in the season of the Presidential campaign.

QUIS.

Sometimes one gets an agreeable surprise, and I met with one Monday evening when I attended the opening performance of *Human Hearts* at the Toronto Opera House. The published synopsis of the plot suggested that the piece would be a rehash of other melodramas. There was to be a good man with a bad wife, a villain, a murder committed by the villain, for which the good man received a life sentence—and so on. This did not promise much, because that sort of thing is very familiar to us. The synopsis on the programme also was discouraging, for it would fit any one of half a dozen melodramas with only a few words changed. The first act was discouraging too, for *Human Hearts* begins lamely. But before the first act ended the piece gave promise of being something a little better than usual. And it was. It impressed me as one of the best shows I have ever seen at the Toronto Opera House. The Johnnies need not make a rush to see the closing performances on the strength of my tip, for it is not a piece that will amuse the Johnnies. There is no ballet, there is no golden hair hanging down anybody's back. There is simply a very good and intensely emotional play, put on with appropriate scenery and played by intelligent and capable performers. There should be an overwhelming Saturday matinee to see this play, *Human Hearts*, for I am ready to guarantee that it will make the average woman cry in spite of herself—and what woman will neglect to enjoy a good cry when it can be had at bargain matinee prices!

Without relating the plot, I may say that it

is commonplace enough—that is, it is not unlike many another stage plot—but the whole advantage of *Human Hearts* over other pieces consists in the fact that the author obeyed the restraints of reason (as a rule) in writing it, and the company that presents it is an intelligent one. Mr. Hal Reid is both author and leading man. He has given himself some lines to deliver that are rather florid, but aside from these passages (two in number and both in the first act) the piece is well written and his acting is sincere and attractive. He is a splendid big fellow, with an air of tragedy that goes well because not overdone. Bertha Belle Westbrook, however, even more than Mr. Reid, uplifts the piece. Your average queen of melodrama would make the part of Jeanette Logan, the adventuress, hideous with tragic whispers, sobs, and tiger-like movements. There would be ranting to no end. But Miss Westbrook is quiet, self-contained, natural. She is one of the best actresses I have seen in melodrama, and is very pretty on the stage. Nellie Maskell as Mrs. Logan handles a trying part with excellent feeling. Ned O. Risley, as the tramp, is an attractive character; Walter G. Horton, Gerard Anderson and Baby Smedley are consistent performers. The company, as I have said, is an unusually good one—after the first act—and the Toronto Opera House should do a big business all week.

Miss Annie Richardson, whose portrait appears on this page, sailed on Wednesday of last week from New York to spend a year in England. Miss Richardson is a well known elocutionist, and has been assistant teacher of elocution in the Toronto College of Music School of Elocution. She goes abroad to study with some of the best teachers in London, and next summer will make the grand tour with a party of English relatives. Miss Richardson's home is in Flesherton, Ont., but she is well known in Toronto, and those who have had the pleasure of hearing some of her readings regard her as an elocutionist of singular promise. In her trip to London Miss Richardson is accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. (Dr.) Washington of McCaul street, Toronto.

Mr. James O'Neill opened a half-week engagement at the Grand Thursday evening in Virginia. He also presents Monte Cristo and Hamlet. Miss Anglin of *Monte Cristo* is a prominent member of Mr. O'Neill's company.

Side Tracked, a railroad comedy-drama, will be next week's attraction at the Toronto Opera House. Its principal incidents are devoted to the heroic efforts of a "gentleman tramp" to maintain an equilibristic position on a freight-car during his peregrinations up and down the earth. The piece is said to be free from all vulgar horse-play and to possess considerable comedy of the better sort. The "bargain matinees" at fifteen cents for the entire balcony and twenty-five cents for any seat on the ground floor, have been patronized in such a satisfying way during the last three weeks that the management of the theater have decided to continue them throughout the season. Seats for these afternoon performances can always be secured one week in advance.

West Association Hall proved quite too small for the crowd that turned out Tuesday evening to the concert given by Mr. Fred J. Perrin, assisted by Miss Marguerite Dunn, Mr. James Fox, Mr. George F. Smedley, Miss Ida McLean, and an orchestra led by Rev. F. G. Plummer. The concert was a decided success.

Speaking of *A Lion's Heart*, which will be produced at the Grand next week by Carl Haswin, the New York *Tribune* says: "After playing two thousand times to English audiences, meeting everywhere with success, *A Lion's Heart* was given its first American production at the People's Theater last night to a crowded house. Haswin, of Silver King fame, was in the leading role. The play does not depend at all upon mechanical effects for the impression it makes. The plot is laid in England; a traveling circus is giving a performance. The lion-tamer's wife and child are stolen from him, and he vows he will spend the remainder of his life, if necessary, hunting for the despoiler of his happiness. He finally meets him and has his revenge. Altogether the play was pronounced a decided hit."

For two nights at the Princess Theater—Monday and Tuesday next—Mr. Jefferson Leerburger will give us grand opera in English, sung by his newly organized and widely advertised International Opera Com-

pany. Mr. Leerburger is well known as having managed nearly all the great singers in his time—Patti, Nordica, Scalchi and many others, and we are pretty safe in saying that the company will be a fine one. LOGE.

SPORTING COMMENT

Last Saturday's games in the Ontario Rugby Union series resulted as follows:

Varsity defeated Queen's.....	13—1
T. A. C. defeated R. M. C.	42—1
<i>Intermediate.</i>	
Lornes defeated Varsity III. (Friday)	24—10
Lornes defeated London <i>Junior.</i>	20—13
Kingston Granites defeated Varsity III.....	30—11
Hamilton III. defeated Petrolea.....	33—3

The first game in the senior finals will be played at Rosedale to-day between Varsity and T.A.C. It is expected that Varsity will win, and if form counts for anything they will do so. At any rate, if the practice match played between these teams early in the season (in which Lockie Burwash got his leg broken) is any criterion to go by, the game will be an exceedingly rough one. T.A.C.'s halves are on the whole quite as good as Varsity's, but the team is deficient in combination and has not put in nearly the same amount of practice. Varsity's team will be practically the same as the one that met Queen's last Saturday, while T.A.C. will have Joe Wright and Hoskin back again.

The Lornes play Brockville to-day on the Bloor street grounds for the intermediate championship, and while the game will be a hard one, I think the Lornes should win. Big interest is taken in the Brockville team on account of the phenomenal scores it has made.

Hamilton Juniors go down to Kingston to play the Granites for the junior championship. The latter team should win without very much trouble. They fairly walked through Varsity III. here last Saturday, showing a combination and thoroughness of play seldom equalled by senior teams. If the Hamilton boys can beat the Granites they are good ones.

The game for the Dominion senior championship will be played in Toronto this year, likely on Thanksgiving Day; that for the intermediate will be played in Montreal.

The Lornes are to be commended for the plucky way in which they endured a hardship. To be forced to play two such teams as Varsity II. and London on consecutive days was a large undertaking, yet the Lornes sailed in and won both games. When the second contest was over, however, the victors were worn out. The game was rough and the accidents numerous. The most striking feature of the day's play seems to have been the goal kicking of Cosby of the Lornes. He only had two chances and he kicked two goals. I should think that his percentage of goals converted would rank as high as that of any player in the Union.

"A lot of Kingston money remained in town." "A lot of money changed hands." "Varsity boys will spend a merry winter with Queen's money." This is the song in some, if not all, the daily papers. The public might

infer that at a Rugby game the big interest lay in the betting, and that the purpose of the match was to win bets that had been made. The same story was told when T. A. C. defeated Hamilton. It is unfortunate that the press should speak as it does about the parity bets that a few spectators may make as to the result of a game. The idea has got abroad that betting on a large scale is indulged in, and many call betting gambling and regard gambling with horror. I have attended nearly every Rugby game played here this season, including the T.A.C.-Tiger game, and the Queen's-Varsity match of last Saturday, in which excitement ran so high, and I have not seen a single bet made at or on a Rugby game this season. I have heard that certain ones had made certain bets, but the betting on these matches is mere child's play, and when the press makes a loud bray over "money that changed hands" the public is deceived and Rugby is slandered. I am sure others who have followed the game will bear me out in saying that the friends of Rugby do not thank the press for sprinkling the odor of gambling over the game.

A reader sends me a copy of the *Kingston Whig* containing an article entitled "Disgraces Journalism: the Press of the Queen City run by Prejudices," and asks that I take a round out of the *Whig* man. Unfortunately, I find myself in agreement with him up to a certain point. To snarl after a game and to accuse those officials who judged the game of unfairness is not nice at all, but the *Whig* may be excused for protesting against the tone of the Toronto daily press in discussing Rugby and other sports. The *Whig* says: "It is not a sign of good management when newspaper managers allow their local and sporting editors to travel about as touts for Toronto teams and to tinge their papers with partisanship of players or betters." I may not astray in saying that football, lacrosse, cricket, and baseball players throughout the province have long fumed under this injustice. The daily papers published in this city are not Toronto papers merely; their field is provincial or almost national. The managing editor realizes this; the editorial page shows consciousness of it; the news columns are edited in full knowledge of the fact that the paper circulates in all parts of Canada, yet the sporting editor, in reporting a game in which a Toronto club takes part, openly champions the Toronto club, and if there is any ill-feeling plunges in like any other local partisan. He does not rise to his position or realize the importance of his paper. He jeers at the defeated club from Kingston, or Hamilton, or Brampton, forgetful that his paper has a national field and belongs as much to the province as to Toronto. The sporting editor of a paper that has, or aspires to have, a national circulation and influence, should be a man of broad view, aware of and careful in using the power in his hands—an impartial referee and critic of provincial and national sport, and not a "rooter" for some purely local organization of ten or twenty young men. Believing, then, as I do, that the sporting editors of the Toronto daily press too often exhibit about the same breadth of view as does the boy who writes sport for the *Podunk News*, I am not disposed to take a round out of the *Whig* man. His remarks about the officials at the Kingston game, however, are in the worst of taste. No good ever comes of snarling after a defeat, and the officials referred to enjoy the reputation of being honorable young fellows. The fairness of the officials in the game's last Saturday at Varsity cannot be questioned, yet Varsity won handsomely.

A new curling club is being started in the West End. The rink will be erected on the corner of Dovercourt road and Harrison street, where there will be skating as well as curling. The list of members is already large, and an organization meeting was held last night to elect officers and to instruct them to make the necessary arrangements for a rink.

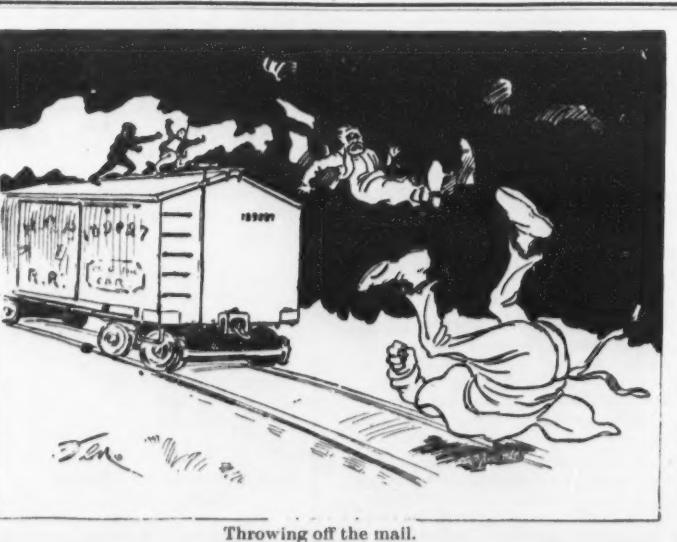
A new aquatic club is being organized in Parkdale and it is proposed to work it up during the winter so that it may be in fine shape by next spring. It is probable that at the next meeting of the Parkdale Cricket Club a bowling club will be organized in connection with it, to begin active play next spring.

W. Simpson, who won the piano in the R.Q.T. road race several weeks ago, won first prize Tuesday evening at the Royal Canadian pedro tournament.

It is about time that Dr. Robertson of Stratford and Sgt. Beattie of the New Fort, Toronto, either arranged a long distance bicycle race or stopped talking about it altogether. There is about as much bluff indulged in over this race as in the recent flurry as to the coasting championship of the city, or the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight that never comes off.

THE UMPIRE.

The Clergyman—I had no idea profanity was so prevalent till I began to ride a wheel. His Wife—Do you hear much of it on the road? The Clergyman—Why, nearly every one I run into swears frightfully!



Throwing off the mail.

A Lost Love.

For Saturday Night.

In the quiet winter twilight,
As I sat by my lonely fire,
I dreamed that my prayer was answered,
That I had my heart's desire;
For my love, my long lost darling,
Came back to me once again
With the smile that I wait and pray for—
Ah! surely not all in vain.
And I knelt at her feet in silence,
For my voice was choked with tears;
But I knew that I need not tell her
Of the lonely waiting years;
So I knelt at her feet and listened,
To the loving words she said,
And my sorrow was gone forever
And the doubts and fears had fled.
Then I rose to my feet and told her
How I loved her dearly yet,
Though she went away and left me
To lonely and vain regret;
And for answer she kissed me fondly
As she kissed me long ago,
And my heart was full of gladness,
Forgetting the bygone woe.

But her kisses, methought, awoke me,
And again I was all alone;
Yet often when I am dreaming
I see her, my love, my own;
And, some day, my long lost darling
May come to me once again
With the love and the kisses I wait for—
Ah! surely not all in vain.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

November.

For Saturday Night.

When the chestnuts are a-droppin'
From their prickly, silk-lined burs,
And the chipmunks are a-huntin'
For their winter's provender.

When the dead leaves are a-waltz'ning
With the whirling madcap breeze,
In the corners of the fences,
In and out among the trees;

When the blackbirds are a-callin'
Kind o' plaintive-like an' low,
To their mates across the medder,
Swingin', swayin' to and fro;

In the tall tops of the pine trees,
When the frost is on the corn,
An' the skeery quails are pipin'
In the bush behind the barn,

I allus feel a kind o' lonesome,
All the flowers lyin' dead,
And the trees stretch their naked arms
In silent woe above my head.

I allus feel though God a'mighty
D'left us by ourselves a spell,
Just to show us how His mercies
Make earth a heaven, not a hell.

When the chestnuts are a-droppin'
From their prickly, silk-lined nest,
And the chipmunks are a-huntin'
For their winter's store, I jest

Want to go and fall asleep
Till the summer comes along,
And the daisies are a-sprin'gin',
And I hear the bluebird's song.

H. C. SCREATON.

Sunshine and Shadow.

For Saturday Night.

'Twas a clipping from a paper,
Telling of some funny caper
On the stage;
And I read it every letter,
Thinking I had seen no better
For an age.

Then I turned the clipping over,
With no purpose to discover
What was there;
But in smiling contemplation
Of the author's new creation
Rich and rare.

As I looked I know I started,
And the smile from lips departed,
For I saw,
Printed there in uncult column,
Notices of death, sad, solemn,
Full of awe.

Then I thought, come grief or pleasure,
Met out with equal measure,
I may laugh,
But some other one is wailing,
For the tear is smile's unfailing
Other half. GEO. H. TUDHOPE.

The Song of Pan.

Mad with love, and laden
With immortal pain,
Pan pursued a maiden—
Pan, the god, in vain.

For when Pan had nearly
Touched her, wild to plead,
She had gone—and clearly
In her place a reed!

Long the god, unwilling,
Through the valley strayed,
Then at last, submitting,
Cut the reed, and made,

Deftly fashioned, seven
Pipes and poured his pain
Unto earth and heaven
In a piercing strain.

A RUGBY MATCH.



THERE is no game more difficult to understand than Rugby, and there is no game, once understood, so easily followed. Once the spectator gets the thread of the thing, he can follow the play through all its ins and outs without missing a single point. But before he attains this happy state he must either play the game himself or see several matches. Those who are familiar with the game find it a terrible infliction to have to explain it to one who comes to a match expecting to find in it a resemblance to Association football. "Now, what do they do that for?" asks the novice, the very moment the ball gets into scrimmage. The "rooter" looks sadly at the questioner. "Well, they're scrimmaging it, see?" "Oh!" the novice assents. The "rooter" might explain the matter a little better, but he knows that it is hopeless to try to instruct a man in Rugby and enjoy the game himself. Besides, bystanders might suppose that he is acquainted with, or even related to, this barbarian who actually knows nothing of Rugby. So he seizes the first chance to move away.

A game that can draw nearly five thousand people, as the Rugby match between Varsity and Queen's did last Saturday, must be described as a popular game. Even in its palmy days in Toronto, lacrosse could not do better than this. The interest in Rugby must be described as phenomenal, when we consider that it is almost exclusively a college game in Canada. In most of the provincial towns the



A fast low tackle.

game is entirely unknown, so that to the colleges belongs the credit of introducing and popularizing it. The future of the game is secure now, and the town that does not get up a Rugby team next year might as well close up shop so far as sports are concerned. Association players despise Rugby at first. They say that it is not football at all, but they are not blind to the fact that while the Association game attracts hundreds, Rugby attracts thousands of spectators.

Rugby is especially suited to the college campus. Students are often described as "rowdies" after their noisy parades, but the fact stands that they submit to a discipline in their sports that cannot be found elsewhere. They control their anger and let it sizzle inwardly. It is bad form to lose control of one's temper. This is drummed into them. After seeing Association matches of a certain grade, and hearing the language in which discussions are carried on in too many cases, it seems clear that a Rugby game played by the same fellows would be a continuous contest of profanity and fists. I am referring, of course, to the Association games played by scrub teams on commons here and there about the city, and not to the regular clubs, in which there is a discipline of the best. Too often, in the Association game, every man on the team joins in an argument, while in Rugby one man does the little talking that is permissible. There is no reason why the captain in the other game should not be supreme, but as a rule he has a mixed and unmanageable following. To save Rugby from being a regular field fight the strictest discipline is necessary. When Rugby is played on the Esplanade by the "boys of the town," it will show up worse than the Association game, however.

To bring five thousand people to a ground where there is only seating accommodation for five hundred, and only standing room—with a view of the game—for two thousand, is hardly the right thing. Probably two thousand of those who paid admission to see last Saturday's game on the Varsity campus not only had to stand all afternoon, but found it impossible to do more than catch a fleeting glimpse of the game



Catching a Punt.

now and again. Many who paid fifty cents for reserved seats were forced to stand eight or ten rows back from the railing, and could only see the ball when it was punted high in air. Many who journeyed from Kingston to see the game were practically unable to see it. It is appropriate that Varsity should play on its own campus, and more than all, it is centrally located, but accommodation must be provided on the general public will fall away—and the general public is not to be sneezed at. The final game between Varsity and T.A.C. will be played at Varsity on November 14, and I am informed by an officer of the Varsity Athletic Association (which controls the campus) that every possible effort will be made to accommodate the large crowd that may certainly be expected.

The officer also informs me, that so far as he knows only four men demanded their money back last Saturday, and that as soon as it was known that the place was crowded each purchaser of a ticket was warned of the fact. Yet hundreds bought tickets. So great a crowd was not expected. But this excuse will not answer another time, and it is to be hoped that on November 14 the holders of reserved seat tickets will not be forced to buy bricks to stand on (three for five cents) in order to see the game.

The enthusiasm of some of the spectators was fine to see. Some Queen's boys, arriving late, squeezed into the crowd, and just then their men made a gain of twenty-five yards. The new-comers naturally roared applause, where-



"Shut your blooming mouth."

upon a big fellow, clearly a Toronto man, turned angrily and yelled, "Shut your blooming mouth. There's nothing in that to yell about." Perhaps there was not from a Toronto view-point, but Queen's thought differently and only yelled louder.

"When are they going to start playing?" asked a man who stood beside me.

"Why they're playing," I answered. "It's nearly half-time now."

"Oh, that's in the game, eh?"

When half-time was called he asked me if it would be any different after they got going again, and I said it wouldn't. He at once backed away, making room for someone else, and went home. He had expected to see the other kind of football.

Comfortably seated in chairs, with a fine view of the game, sat a gentleman and two ladies, who confided to each other every few moments that they didn't understand the game and couldn't see why such a large crowd turned out to witness such a tedious contest. Those standing back and treasuring every momentary glimpse of the game, glared at these people, on whom such excellent seats were wasted. Enthusiasts who had secured positions granting a view of the game, courteously made way for ladies, who talked about Chevalier and Ben-Hur all afternoon, while the enthusiasts gnashed their teeth in outer darkness, but attained perfect happiness now and then when the ladies would bend down their heads together to exchange confidences. But many of the ladies were quite as enthusiastic as their escorts. "Will kicked it then. Oh, didn't he kick it!" "That is he—he there he is. Right over that man! Good—good—oo-oo!" And "he" went down, and a dozen



Tackling—any old way.

big fellows piled upon him as though determined to squeeze the life out of him. At such a time the mother, sisters and lady friends of the player wanted to scream or faint, but in a moment he was up again, and in another moment they saw him hurling his antagonist from him as though the adversary were stuffed with grass. Every man for himself! But how the wing man's lady friends did grow to hate the nasty Queen's man who was always piling upon him whenever he tried to get the ball. And yet the wing man chatted and laughed with his now for then and just as though he were not a horrid, big thing.

"Look here," said a graduate as Burnside and McLennan were ruled off for five minutes, "there should be a twenty-four foot ring at the end of the field, and those who are ruled off for scrapping should be compelled to have it out in the ring at half-time." Altogether the game was singularly free from quarreling and accident, considering the importance of the match and the earnestness with which every man went into it.

The result, 13-1, by no means conveys an idea of the strength of the teams or the stubbornness of the contest. It was a hard game from first to last, and no two teams could very well come nearer equality. Varsity won because at critical moments the right thing was done; Queen's lost because at critical moments the right thing was not done. For instance, although Varsity scored 3 points in the first half and Queen's 0, the ball was nearly always in Varsity's twenty-five yards, yet Queen's failed to score, but every little while the ball would stray up to the other end for three or four minutes, and Varsity would make a point nearly every time. Some of the Varsity men showed great speed and decision at critical moments. Wilson of Queen's, who is described as the best full-back in the country, was brilliant at times, but not as safe as Morrison of Varsity. Counsell punted beautifully for Varsity, and those in the swim yelled "Good boy, Tiny."

This young player is the fortunate possessor

of a very modest demeanor. However brilliant may be his play, he can ignore the plaudits of the multitude and drop quietly back into his place without showing consciousness that the eyes of the whole world are on him. It is a rare gift. There are others who play well but are sadly self-conscious. They cannot help it. The American game seems to be full of bounce, and brag, and ostentatious display. I have been reading articles this week on the game in the colleges in the United States, and it is almost nauseating the way the captain and half-backs pose. If players were to bring the same amount of vain display into a Canadian game they would be laughed out of town. Across the line they are always striving for melodramatic effect. The captain gives himself the airs of a great general—looks as wise as an owl, as vain as a peacock. The half-back holds court in the gymnasium and grants interviews daily to reporters, explaining "How I became Great." This sort of thing is frowned upon in Canada. Bounce and swagger are taken out of our college boys when they are freshmen. Canadian public opinion revolts when a man or a boy tries to "show off." Nothing will so humiliate a Canadian youth as to say to him, "Don't try to show off," or "Don't put on side." He will freeze in a moment. The fear that he may seem to be posing will cause him to curl up within himself. It is well that it is so.

As Boyd of Varsity made a good play one spectator said to another: "He belongs to the famous Rugby-Boyd family. There are five of them altogether. Four are good Rugby players, while the fifth is a mere Chancellor. But he is father of the others and too old to play."

Some boys wanted to get upon the roof of Varsity to see the game, and securing an empty barrel they were able to climb upon a porch, and from it to one of the lower roofs. There were about five thousand people present, but who, of all that number, should step up to do business with the barrel but Mr. Peter Ryan? He mounted it all right enough, but



Go it! Go it! We'll run 'rah; 'rah!

the barrel quivered with intensity of emotion, writhed and threw him to the ground. I mention the case because it may be the only one on record where a barrel ever got the best of the gentleman in question.

An English paper, in an article on Curious Football Matches, tells of a couple of annual games that may interest the reader and not be out of place just here:

"The citizens of Derby had an annual match at football between the parishes of St. Peter's and All Saints'. It was played on Shrove Tuesday—the great football day of the year. There were hundreds of people on each side, and it may therefore be imagined that the ball had much to do with the play. The St. Peter's players had to get the ball into the Derwent, while the All Saints' had to prevent this and urge the ball westward. The Peterites were supposed to be equal to the best water-springs. The sight of two or three hundred men up to their necks in the River Derwent, ducking and splashing each other, must have been very curious."

"Every Shrove Tuesday the ancient border town of Jedburgh has its match at football. The young men assemble in the market-place, and at one o'clock the ball is thrown into the air and the game commences. The 'town-head' play the 'town-foot,' and the greatest excitement prevails. The streets of the town and the River Jed, which runs through it, constitute the field of play. When the ball goes into the stream the players follow it, and some of the most exciting scrimmages take place in the water. Darkness alone puts an end to the play."

MACK.

Why the Colonel Gave up Whist.

"**D**ID ever I tell ye how the Colonel came to quit staying out nights playing whist?" queried Corporal O'Malley to me one hot afternoon as we smoked our pipes in a quiet, shady corner that was a favorite retreat of the "boys" when the hot sun of India made life well-nigh unbearable everywhere else.

I intimated that this singular action on the part of the officer in question was, so far as I was concerned, still unaccounted for, and, knowing that the incident would lose nothing in its recital by O'Malley, hoped he would proceed.

"Well," said he, settling down into a more comfortable attitude and lighting an old black pipe, "it was this way, so it was. Ye see, about four years ago, which was afore you joined the regiment I'm thinking, we were stationed about a hunner and fifty miles nor'-west from here in an ungodly, out-of-the-way hole that was never meant for any decent Christian to exist in, much less one of the O'Malley's, as is as ould a famly as ever breathed the air of Ireland and has the blood of kings in them."

I shuddered. O'Malley had told me stories before, and in every instance had switched off at the first opportunity to a lengthy recital of the greatness of the defunct O'Malley's, of whom there appeared to be an inexhaustible supply, each one sufficiently noteworthy to warrant his loquacious descendant in recounting his performances with much wearying elaborateness of detail. This time, however, I escaped.

"It's not about the O'Malley's, though, me boy, I'm going to tell you this time. Let me see, I was talking about the Colonel playing whist. Well, it seemed as if the Colonel, and old Major Wilson, and the doctor, him as died last year, and the doctor's brother who was out here doing nothing for the good of his health and drawing

a salary for the job, could never get enough of whist. They used to meet three nights a week and play for a shilling a point, and we'd catch it hot next morning if the Colonel quit a pound or two short. There wasn't a soul in the regiment but knew how the wind was blowing, and if any of the chaps had a favor to ask they waited till the Colonel was ahead of the game. 'Twasn't no use doing anything else.

"The Colonel's wife was younger than she is now, and a good deal younger than the Colonel was then, and a good deal prettier. She was not long out from the Old Country, and as fresh as a ripe peach, afore this cursed heat turned her yellow like the rest of us. She was just as pretty as she could be, and he was jealous of her as a dog wid a bone. He went everywhere wid her and never let her out o' his sight, barrin' the nights he went out to play whist, and then he was takin' big chances. But that comes in at the end.

"There was two chaps we had wid us then that in figure and build was as like as two peas; both limped a little bit, but even that was alike. You might know them ever so well, and walking behind them I'll swear you couldn't tell which was which. If you got round in front of them, of course they was different in the face, but no other way, barrin' their clothes, for one was a young luf'nant by the name of Forbes, and the other was Private McPeak, who you mind, sir, was sent home a while after you joined us."

I admitted a sufficient recollection of the impudent McPeak.

"Now," he went on, "of all the boys that used to be casting sheep's eyes in the direction of Mrs. Denoird, there was none so attentive as this young Forbes, and the Colonel didn't love him any the better for it, as you can guess. They used to meet occasionally and some notes used to pass between them, but they hadn't much chance, for the Colonel watched them like a hawk. One of the notes was found once and there was an awful row about it, but they got it all smoothed over and nothing came of it. One night, though, when the Colonel was out playing whist, and later than usual at that, in addition to losin' quite a trifle, he found that some maraudin' thieves had been at his chicken-coop and four of his best chickens were gone. So, if ever there was a mad man next morning, he was the man. Of course there was an enquiry, and it come out that the chickens were there all right at ten o'clock, for the servant declared she counted them and locked up the coop afore she went to bed. The Colonel came home about half after two and noticed two of the chickens running about the front yard, and when he went to see how they came to be left out, he found the coop broken open and the best ones, as was a-sayin', gone. Well, it got around that someone had seen McPeak coming away from there, just before two, and the man who said he saw him was brought up and questioned. Well, he swore to everything in which McPeak looked like Forbes, his height and the way he walked, and the peculiar hitch in his step that was just the mate to Forbes. But of course nobody said a word about Forbes being around there at that hour. This man they had up there didn't see McPeak's face and couldn't swear to him, and all the description he was able to give fitted one just as well as the other. Just then Sergeant McVittie, as square a boy as ever lived, asked leave to say something, and when the Colonel told him to go ahead he said that he met the same man, just after the other fellow saw him, right close by the Colonel's house, and he said as how it was light enough to see who it was, and how he looked right square in his face as he passed, 'and,' says he, raising his voice and speaking out quite clear and loud. 'I say positively it was not Private McPeak.'

"Well, of course after that there was a kind of queer look went round over the faces of us all, and the Colonel saw it, and didn't ask the only natural question for a man to ask, but instead said, kind of low and hurried-like, 'Oh, well, that clears Private McPeak.' and he muttered something which we didn't hear and rushed out of the room.

"We never found out, of course, who took the chickens, but pretty soon young Mister Forbes exchanged into another regiment, and the Colonel never went out at nights to play whist any more. Ye can fill in the details to suit yourself, but we all knew it wasn't them chickens that the Colonel was worrying about."

QVIS.

A-la Storage Warehouse.



What a large hat this fellow wears!



Yes, but he is the best wing man in our football team.

Papa—Willie, you wear out too many shoes. Willie—That's because I have to walk so much. If you buy me a bicycle you will save money.

A Night Behind the Scenes.

At the Grand Opera House.

Tom and myself determined to penetrate the inner sanctuary of the Grand and go behind the scenes. After much difficulty we succeeded

in gaining entrance on a written order we had received from one high up in authority. In our first glimpse it all seemed to be mist and darkness, broken now and again by a fairy flitting out or in. Right in front of us sat the old doorkeeper, who surveyed us in a sort of cynical way. A long corridor, lined on either side with theatrical trunks, stretched out before us. The doors leading into it kept opening and shutting; ballet girls were flying backward and forwards. We moved along the corridor and turned into a room which we found was the greenroom.

A man evidently was the funny man, sat at one side of the room. He looked as though he was the one who probably during the evening would be shipwrecked, eaten alive, etc., and then made king of the desert island. We trembled before this important personage. He seemed to be passing sentence on us, so we got out of that room. We elbowed our way up the corridor through swarms. Now and again we caught snatches of their conversation.

"We'll be late for the curtain rising if you don't move your stumps, May," said one.

"Did you see that man turn the opera-glasses on me last night, in the second left box? I think I will strike for a raise," came from another. "Look at the two Johnnies; what t'll are those guys doing around here?" This from a pretty girl, who might have been a queen of the ballet or something of the sort.

The appearance of these chorus girls at close range is vastly different from the view from in front of the footlights. The rouge is smeared on in layers, and their eyebrows are covered with some black mixture which is stuck on in big chunks.

The curtain rose on the first act. We were bewildered and stayed close together beside a wing. The crash of the orchestra, the floods of light, strong calcium light, bursting out from every wing, the moving of the scenery—all made us feel quite uneasy. Right above our heads was an immense calcium worked by a man with a slouched hat, with a big quid of tobacco in his mouth. He had the art of spitting straight, so we did not suffer in that respect.

There was a muffled order, a bang, swish of moving scenery behind us, and we both found ourselves sitting on the floor. The man at the calcium laughed.

When we investigated the cause of our fall we discovered that the wing against which we had been leaning was gone.

There was a swish of stiffened drapery as a group of fairies dashed past us.

"Look out in the wings."

A great ball came sailing past our heads. A bell rang. The orchestra struck up a swinging march and the curtain went down on a screeching climax.

The scene between acts is one of action. The light is very dim, so dim we could not see across the stage. We could distinguish among the dust which was rising in layers, figures of men working frantically, white figures of chorus girls running here and there. There was a continual din, and we did not feel at all safe where we were standing, as boxes and all sorts of properties were flying past us. We decided to reach the other side of the stage, which was against the wall, and where it would most likely be safer.

We never will, till our dying day, forget that trip across the stage at the Grand. We both made a dash at it. I lost Tom. I had gone about six feet when I ran into a man who was carrying a box. The man fell first, the box on top of him, and I on top of the box.

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Columbia	Nov. 28	Dec. 6	Dec. 9	
Normannia	Dec. 5	Dec. 13	Dec. 16	Dec. 17
Werra	Dec. 9	Dec. 17	Dec. 20	Dec. 21
Fulda	Dec. 30	Jan. 7	Jan. 10	Jan. 11
Columbia	Jan. 5	Jan. 13	Jan. 17	Jan. 16
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Jan. 9	Jan. 17	Jan. 20	Jan. 21
Werra	Jan. 16	Jan. 24	Jan. 27	Jan. 26
Ems	Jan. 23	Jan. 31	Feb. 3	Feb. 4
Fulda	Feb. 6	Feb. 14	Feb. 17	Feb. 18
Normannia	Feb. 13	Feb. 21	Feb. 24	
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Feb. 20	Feb. 28	Mar. 3	
Ems	Feb. 27	Mar. 7	Mar. 9	
Werra	Mar. 6	Mar. 14	Mar. 17	Mar. 18
Fulda	Mar. 13	Mar. 21	Mar. 24	

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BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent
 72 Yonge Street, Toronto.**Anecdotal.**

A traveler at a Pennsylvania inn got out of his bed one night to see what sort of weather it was, but instead of looking out into the open air, thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard. "Landlord," he shouted, "what sort of weather do you call this? The night is as dark as Egypt, and smells of cheese."

A man strolled into a fashionable church just before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and tapping him on the shoulder and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said: "Dogs are not admitted." "That's not my dog," replied the visitor. "But he follows you." "Well, so do you." The sexton growled, and immediately removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

While Governor Altgeld was going through the Illinois penitentiary with the board of managers, one day this summer, he noticed a convict who worked at soling shoes in a listless and slipshod manner, and remarked, "You don't seem to be doing that work very thoroughly, my man!" "See here," retorted the convict shoemaker, "I didn't apply for this job, and I'm not dead stuck on it, anyway. If you don't like my work, I'm ready to quit any time you say so."

A learned professor was in Edinburgh one wet Sunday, and, desiring to go to church, he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling—the legal fare—to cabby, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say, "Twa shillins, sir." The professor, fixing his eagle eyes upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings. Upon which the cabman drily answered, "We wish to discourage traveling on the Sawbuth as much as possible, sir."

Those who do not remember Arditi's face, certainly remember the back of his head, for no more characteristic bald spot has ever been turned toward an admiring audience than that of the famous orchestral leader. He once presented a cheque to be cashed at a certain bank, and the cashier refused to pay him because he was not sure of his identity. Arditi asked him if he had ever been to the opera. "Frequently," he replied. Then he turned his back to the cashier, took off his hat, and said: "Now, am I not Arditi?" The cashier recognized his baldness at once and cashed the cheque.

At a Turkish bath, in Paris, a visitor patiently submitted to the various operations of rubbing, kneading and pommeling comprised in the treatment. When the shampoo was over, the attendant dried him with a towel, after which he dealt the patient three heavy and sonorous blows with the flat of the hand. "Great heavens!" the victim ejaculated; "what did you strike me for?" "Ah! monsieur, don't let that trouble you," was the reply; "it was only to let the other man know that I have done with you, and that he is to send me the next customer. You see, we haven't a bell in this room."

The Duke of Norfolk entertained an excursion party from London, some twelve hundred strong, at Arundel, and presided over the dinner. Before dinner an amusing incident occurred. Warnings to keep off the grass were much in evidence, and were generally obeyed. One person, in a soft felt hat and reefer jacket, was observed crossing the sward. "Come off the grass," said a woman sharply. "Tis the likes of you that gets poor people a bad name. Can't you see it's forbidden?" The person went on, smiling, but the woman's surprise was laughable to see when she found at the dinner she had been abusing the Duke himself.

Secretary Carlisle once issued an order that no two members of a family should be employed in the Treasury Department at the same time. This caused several dismissals and forced resignations, and one young woman, whose mother

Football in Darkest Africa.



Monkey—Why are all of you fellows so down in the mouth?

Elephant—Well, you see, we were playing football. The ostrich was full back, and kicked our ball clean out of sight.

Between You and Me.

"**A** FINE type," remarked the man of might the other day, when I showed him an old man's picture.

And as I thought afterwards of his criticism, I sorrowed that we are somewhat wanting in types here in Canada. A typical Canadian—what is he or she? In the curious way in which things seem to chime in with what we think, I picked up a clipping which I made weeks ago, and found a description of a type of Canadian girl which blew in my face like a breath of bracing sea air. She belongs to Southern Manitoba and her country should be proud of her. This is how she appears, she and her sisters: "Owing to the circumstances and conditions with which they have been surrounded, they have developed a character that is peculiarly their own, and which embodies a good deal of vigor and independence. The girls will drive wild horses, take long journeys alone; they love to ride on horseback, or, for amusement, take the seat of a mower or a reaper, and drive three ambitious horses with much coolness and skill; when on the streets they walk as if they had some important business to perform, and knew how to perform it. They are not much given to flirtation, and have little taste for the softer vanities of female life. Earnestness, vigor, impetuosity and determination seem to mark their character. They are generally robust in constitution, quick in their movements and decided in their actions."

A Psychological Cure.

The small boy had been requested to do some errands, but insisted that he was feeling badly. As the family physician happened to call he felt the boy's pulse and looked at his tongue, and said:

"

You had better make a good strong mustard plaster."

The boy looked depressed and left the room.

"When shall I apply the plaster?" asked the mother.

"Don't apply it at all. He'll get well before that stage of the treatment is reached."

The Bloomer Girl.

Truth.
 If a body meet a body
 Riding on a wheel,
 If a body greet a body
 Need a body squeal?

Ilka tandem goes at random,
 None 'll' less go I,
 An' all th' lads that wink at me
 Would kiss me on the sly.

Suffered for Years.

The Experience of Mr. Grant Day of Harrowsmith.

He Suffered Much from Rheumatism, Especially During Spring and Autumn—Following a Neighbor's Advice Brought About a Cure.

From the Kingston Whig.

One who has been released from years of suffering is always grateful to the person or the medicine that has been the medium of release. It is therefore safe to say that one of the most thankful men in the vicinity of Harrowsmith is Mr. Grant Day, who for years past has been a sufferer from rheumatism, but has now been released from its thrall. To a reporter Mr. Day told his experience substantially as follows: "I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for upwards of twenty-five years. It usually attacked me worst in spring and fall, and at times the pain I endured was intense, making it difficult for me to obtain rest at night. From my hips down to my feet every joint and every muscle appeared to be affected, and the pains appeared to chase one another until I was at times nearly wild, and mind you this was my condition for upwards of twenty-five years. During that period I tried many remedies, and while I obtained temporary relief from some, I could get nothing in the way of permanent benefit. But last year the pains did not come back, and they have not returned since, and this is the way it came about. One day while telling my neighbor, Mr. W. C. Switzer, how badly I was feeling, he said: 'Get half a dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and use them according to directions, and you will find they will do just what they are advertised to do—cure you. I know this from experience in my own family.' Well I got the pills and used them, and the rheumatism has been driven out of my system, and last winter and spring for the first time in more than twenty years I was entirely free from my old enemy. But there is one thing more Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me, and which astonishes me a little. Over forty years ago I had a severe earache, and used a liquid preparation in the hope of getting relief. It nearly ruined my hearing, and for all the years since I have been partially deaf. After I took the Pink Pills my hearing came back, and my ear is now all right. My wife and sister have also found much benefit from Pink Pills when run down by overwork, and it is safe to say that they will always be found in our house."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The wise man was patiently teaching me as we sat in the sanctum while the dusk deepened and the whirr of the great press downstairs came busily up the stairwell. He often takes a good deal of trouble with me, and I learn at last. The other day I unfolded a hard matter to him. Were you ever rapt in some task, some thought, some plan, and did someone interrupt your work, your musing, your reasoning, and did you rage and fret at being upset and disturbed? I know that men build

double doors on their studies, and threaten vengeance on their wives and children and servants if they intrude, when some great thought needs to be put on paper or some great doctrine made clear, or some deep scheme got into working order. But we cannot all build double doors and barricade the world outside, and so secure hours undisturbed. And I told the wise man how it worried me to be hauled down from the clouds or up from the depths by some trivial question or remark, and how difficult it is to get back again afterwards. What do you think he said? Pitied me? Not a bit. He simply informed me that what I called concentration was nothing of the sort; that what ailed me was that I had not my mind in proper control; that I ought to be able to turn aside from the deepest and most fascinating study, at any call, give it attention, and then turn back to my work without the least friction or fretting. And at his words a despair came over me for a moment, the despair which comes of realizing that what you believed was so is not so at all.

LADY GAY.

No Recourse.

Indian Sketch.

A party was dissatisfied with the verdict of a judge, and the following parley ensued:

Judge—"If I have not given you justice you can appeal to the Kasi."

Party—"But he is your brother; what better justice shall I get from him?"

"Then apply to the Mufti."

"And he is your uncle."

"In that case you can go to the Vizier."

"But he is no other than your father."

"Well, if you can't find justice from the King's officers, then apply to the King in person."

"I would, but he is your son-in-law."

Judge (enraged)—"Then go to —!"

Party—"Ah, but there whom shall I find but your worship's grandsons?"

In the Wind Storm.

Truth.

She—I thought you said you were going to stop swearing!

He—So I am, as soon as I get this umbrella down.

Before and After.

Washington Star.

The politician boldly spoke:

His loyal friends amid:

"BEHOLD WHAT I INTEND TO DO!"

And this is what he did.

Carried Away.

Truth.

Nutte—I suppose your minister preached on the money question?

Hazel—Yes, and he spoke well, too. One man was so affected that he shouted, "What's the matter with McKinley?" and a dozen replied, "It's all right!"

MONTREAL, Sept. 25th, 1896.

J. F. MATHIESON, Esq.,

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Nov. 7, 1896

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9



THE CRUCIFIXION.

After the painting by Joseph M. Kidd, now on view at Roberts' Art Gallery, 79 King Street West.

Art Notes.

The exhibition of paintings from the brush of Mr. J. M. Kidd now open at the Roberts Art Gallery, King street west, shows as wide a range of subject as it does variety in treatment. In subject there are portrait, landscape, genre painting and still life; in treatment there is much variety—several wildly impressionistic figure pieces in which a girl and a piano play significant parts in a spotty way; a quite conventional, though original, handling of a Bible subject; studies in flowers that are well arranged schemes of color; landscape showing two very different manners, and a number of candle-light studies that are carefully studied. Mr. Kidd has shown a daring we admire in so young an artist, in attempting a subject such as the Crucifixion, even if we do not admire the work; for in art, as in other things, "faint heart never won—." He most certainly has a good feeling for color; his drawing leaves much to be desired sometimes, but his open-air studies, on the contrary, have a most desirable quality of atmosphere, and he is evidently not confining himself to one method of expressing himself; so now each picture is a distinct rendering of some idea, not always agreeable perhaps, but at least not a variation of twenty of its predecessors, as is oftentimes the case with a prolific artist. The portrait of the late D. A. O'Sullivan, Q.C., is slightly chalky in color, but shows solid modeling in the face and expresses a great deal of character. A very fresh bit of color is Evening Colpo Bay, showing bright green reflections in the water harmonizing well with the rest of the picture. In very high key, though full of brilliant autumn tints slightly veiled in a hazy sunshine, seemingly, is Evening on Pike Creek; and a winding road in noon-day sunshine is At the Turn of the Hill.

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Sometimes one would prefer something more than the scant suggestion given in several of the landscapes, or else is shocked by the extremely impressionistic effect of a brook with surrounding banks, but, to quote Abraham Lincoln, "For a person that likes that kind of thing, that is just the kind of thing they'd like." In other words, if you admire Claude Monet and Alden Weir, you will be able to see much ability here. Striking a Light and Candle Light are both studies of heads by artificial light that are pleasing and show good work, and the studies of roses have in every case excellent color and often much delicacy in rendering texture. Two studies in Central Park, New York, are most successful harmonies as a whole, and promise much. To the most important work of all we have already referred. Later on Mr. Kidd may be better prepared to cope with the difficulties any artist would have in dealing with such a subject, one in which it seems impossible to conceive of any room for originality. Ability he has certainly shown here, an ability for which we would predict distinct success in certain branches of art which are multiplying and broadening on every hand in these days.

An invention which ought to prove a boon to china painters, especially those who work in a circumscribed space, is a cabinet which may now be seen at the Roberts Art Gallery, which is so plentifully supplied with drawers and shelves, and trays that pull out, and lids that fold back, and fronts that let down, that when at work the artist seems to have any number of places to put the work and materials, and when clearing-up time comes any number of hiding-places reveal themselves in which to stow away these same goods. It is really a most ingenious contrivance and is evidently designed by one well acquainted with the wants of the ceramic artist.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood has about finished a portrait of the late Mr. J. R. Dundas and is now at work on another, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins being the sitter. Both portraits are less than life-size, three-quarter length.

Mr. Rex Stovel left this week for Hamilton to complete there a series of decoration for St. Matthew's church of that city. He has been at work for some time on the preparatory studies necessary and is now ready for the final steps. The painting is intended for the large semi-circle in the chancel, a space about 37 feet by 15 feet, and the design shows the forms of seven flying angels, the lines being so disposed as to harmonize with the curves of the decoration already there. Mr. Stovel expects the under-taking to keep him in Hamilton at least two months.

It is about two years since Mr. George Bruenech gave his last exhibition in this city, which then, as now, comprised much work done abroad. Since then he has again been in Europe for two years, both summers being spent in Norway, where the greater number of his pictures were painted. Mr. Bruenech's work, which is now at the Matthews Gallery, Yonge street, is entirely in water-colors and his subjects are usually landscape. A number of street scenes in London, Eng., are given with a charming effect of atmosphere and certain vivid touches of color that are telling, but a subject such as a London hansom cab fails to interest even with excellent background, as also a Life Guardsman, though carefully drawn. Figures are not this artist's forte, as may be seen from lack of action, or any kind of build, in the two in Gathering Sea-Weed, Coast of Brittany, or in The Laplanders from Altenfjord, Norway. These pictures are, however, not among the most important and can well be forgotten in the delicate golden tints of North Cape, Norway, or the soft purples and grays of The Houses of Parliament, London, or in the startling effects caused by the midnight sun. "Startling" is indeed a mild word to use for the intense color of some of these mountains, deep purples and greens and glowing golden pinks on summit; but the colors are none too vivid to give a truthful idea of the originals, so we who have never seen them are told by those who have traveled in Norway. Among these studies are some renderings of a sunny day, with intense blue in sky and water and dazzling light on distant white ranges and nearer snow-capped peaks; of the warm glow on some promontory, whose base is in deep shadow, or of the lovely range of color in greens and golden browns on sloping hills, which Mr. Bruenech gives broadly yet with subtle gradations of color. Or sometimes there is the coming shower slightly veiling the distant range, but leaving the nearer waters and mountains untouched. While there is a good

deal of monotony in the collection as a whole, yet it is in his effect of atmosphere, in the breeziness of his skies, that one of the chief charms of these pictures lies. The exhibition remains open until November 14, and there is every likelihood that any visitor will have not only the pleasure of seeing these bright sketches, but also of learning from the artist himself any facts about country or people, or those weird effects of the midnight sun, that would make the picture more enjoyable.

There being no memorial of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey, a movement was set going some time ago, and a committee headed by the Marquis of Lothian, appointed. All the necessary money has not yet been subscribed, it being decided to spend £600 or £700 in



BUST OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

having a copy of Sir Francis Chantry's bust set up in the Abbey. The committee, after examining various copies of the Chantry bust, selected the one by Mr. John Hutchison, R. S. A., and it is acceptable to the Dean of Westminster.

Of a picture of the Princess of Wales, which occupies a prominent place in the Fife nursery, a pretty story is told. When the Princess was going abroad some time ago she asked little Lady Alexandra Duff not to forget her. "I will kiss your picture, grandmamma, every time I go into mamma's drawing-room," said the child. Whereupon "grandmamma" sent her a portrait all to herself. LYNN C. DOYLE.

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"Don't say 'am, boy; it's 'am."

"I said 'am, father."

"You said 'am; I tell you it's 'am."

Here the farmer's wife turned to her guest with an amused smile, and said, "Bless their earts, they both think they are saying 'am."

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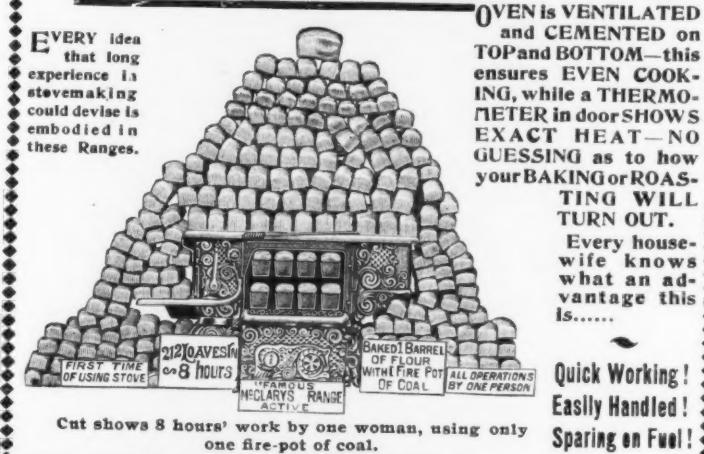
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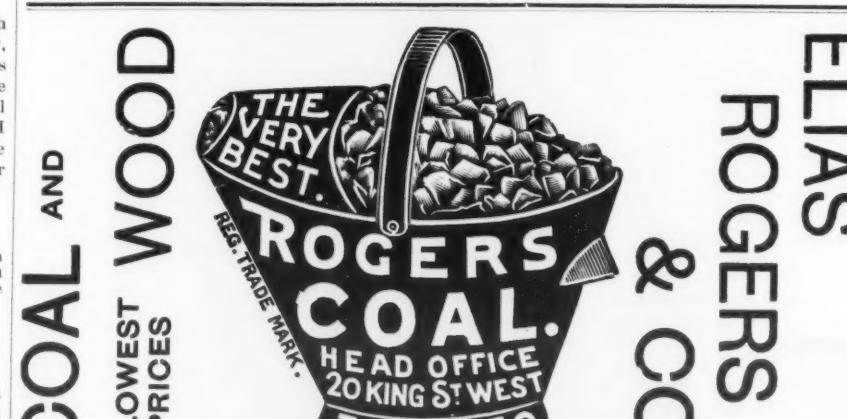
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Music.

I have been taken to task by a prominent local music patron, who took an active part as a committee man in the work of our musical societies some years ago, for what he regards as the one-sided view taken by me with reference to the responsibilities of those who are induced to accept office in our oratorio or other musical organizations. As one of the unfortunates who worked, as he said, for years in the interests of the old Philharmonic, and sacrificed much valuable time and considerable money in the effort to keep the ball rolling, he considers that no blame should be attached to enthusiasts who did the best they could under all circumstances, and whose only thanks up to date have materialized in the shape of harsh criticism concerning results for which they were not always responsible. He argued, and with reason, that nine out of every ten committee men accept office because of friendship for the conductor and because of a belief that he, the conductor, should be supported in what is understood to be a grand campaign in the cause of a "glorious art." Many take upon themselves the responsibility of office-holders at the personal and urgent solicitation of the conductor, and oftentimes much against their own better judgment. To expect a conductor to receive a fixed salary under these circumstances when a season's work has resulted in deficit, he declared to be unreasonable in the extreme, particularly when the amount then had to be taken out of the private purses of the society's officials. He further declared that, in his opinion, a conductor should share in the business adversity of the society, all the more so since he absorbed the lion's share of the glory when artistic success was achieved, the indirect benefit of which to a capable musician could not well be overestimated. The position of a conductor in Toronto, he argued, was quite different from that of a man like Thomas, Seidl or Nikisch, whose specialty was the art of conducting and in which sphere they had gained world-wide fame. He remarked that "strictly speaking we have no conductors in Toronto. With the best of them, conducting a society or an orchestra is but an incidental part of their work, the financial success of which depends to a very large extent upon the artistic achievements of the man who is privileged to wield the baton." To many conductors, it is true, the conductorship of a society means, indirectly, his bread and butter, inasmuch as the prominence it gives to such is the one very important method of keeping him in evidence before the public. The final argument of my friend was to the effect that his experience convinced him that musical societies were generally organized by conductors "with the selfish purpose of getting all the glory which might attach to the work, making use of committee men who might be pressed into the service much against their will, in order to secure whatever booty there might be in the venture, or should there be a deficit, calling upon the same officers to 'shell out' personally." This, he said, had frequently been done in Toronto by persons who could ill afford it and who had no personal interest whatever in doing mission work which had no special meaning to them beyond a more or less intimate acquaintance with the conductor. There are, of course, two points of view in which a question such as the above might be regarded. Certainly there is more truth than poetry in the arguments advanced by the disheartened standard-bearer whose remarks I have quoted, and I am pleased to give space to an aspect of the case which may be but too readily overlooked.

Apropos of the musical degree matter, but more particularly of the "millinery" department of the London College of Music, Limited, of London, Eng., the following extract from a letter written by the secretary of that institution, Mr. T. Weekes Holmes, will be read with the same interest and amusement here as its reading created in open court in Leeds, Eng., some time ago. Mr. Holmes, in addressing a purchaser of one of the diplomas of the institution who paid £1 3s 6d for it with the "distinctive title" of Licentiate of Music thrown in, wrote: "Licentiates are allowed under special privilege of the College authorities, to wear the hood and gown of the College; the cost of this complete is £3 3s. They have been specially designed by an eminent firm of ecclesiastical robe-makers, appointed for that purpose, the materials being of the best description, having a rich and handsome effect. The hood is made of black corded silk of special shape, and lined throughout with silk of a delicate color. The gown is of special pattern, due regard having been paid not only to the elegance of the costume, but the comfort of the wearer. Remittance for these essential and distinguishing robes should be made direct to the secretary, who will give an immediate order to the College robe-makers." Who would not be a Licentiate of the London College of Music, Limited, when the authorities of the institution evince so much concern for the "comfort" of wearers of the robes, which are sold for £3 3s? The concluding paragraph is a reminder that these "essential and distinguishing robes" must, however, be paid for in advance. In this respect the business-like methods of the L. C. M., Limited, are in direct contrast to the credit system of the Victoria Music Schools of London and Leeds, a concern now defunct, to which reference is made by a correspondent in this week's issue.

Princeton College has conferred the title of Doctor of Music upon the eminent American composer and pianist, E. A. MacDowell. In this connection the *Musical Courier* says: "While this courtesy must be acknowledged as a fitting compliment to one of our most prominent musicians, it must not be forgotten that the title of Doctor of Music has long since become opprobrious in this land, chiefly through the exposures made by the *Musical Courier* six or eight years ago, when it was demonstrated that no intelligent musician could afford to affix to his name a title which elevated to his level such doctors of music as Perkins, Palmer et al. It must be remembered that small county universities, such, for instance, as the University of Toledo, Ia. (not Ohio), distributed the distinction among its piano teachers. There are hundreds of doctors of music and musical

doctors in America, and Mr. MacDowell must not be confounded with them by becoming one himself." The *Musical Courier* might have included in its list of degree-dispensing institutions on the other side of the boundary, a certain "University" in the West which grants the Mus. Doc. degree, *honoris causa*, for about \$100. So far as can be learned, this said "University" has but one man at "headquarters," who relieves the monotony of his regular mercantile duties by the sale of diplomas, titles and the millinery which appeals so forcibly to the simpletons who are taken in by such clap-trap. Degree-holders of the properly constituted universities of Great Britain and Ireland are sufficiently proud of the source of their degrees to mention it always in making use of their titles. Some of our American Mus. Docs. would not find it profitable to follow this good example. Like the B.A. degrees dispensed by a Buffalo institution some years ago and the M.D.'s of the notorious but now defunct Pennsylvania diploma factory, the source of such distinctions is best kept religiously in the background. Little wonder that the degree of Mus. Doc. has, as the *Musical Courier* says, "long since become opprobrious" in this country.

The following letter, dealing with a new aspect of the musical degree "fable," has been received:

To the *Musical Editor of Saturday Night*:

SIR,—I have been highly amused at the revelations which have appeared in your journal recently in which sundry musical "degree" speculative schemes are shown up in their true light. We have learned of an institution called a "College" selling diplomas and titles without examination for £1 3s 6d cash down, but have you heard of the style of trade pursued by a certain shoddy English concern, the late owner of which is now, I believe, prospecting in this province for "business"? If not, you should get some particulars of the Victoria Schools of Music of Leeds and London, which sent out diplomas several years ago on the "credit" system, so anxious was its proprietor—Licentiate of the London College of Music, Limited—to work up a trade. You have said that the Canadian people were too intelligent to be taken in by such schemes. You forget that people on this side of the great herring pond are easily seduced by anything which comes from London. Is it not about time that the past history of some of these farcical "colleges" and "schools," with the racy experiences of their "secretaries" and proprietors, was made public in Canada? I think it is.

Yours,

VERITAS.

A subscribers' list will be opened at Massey Hall on Monday morning next for the convenience of those who wish to subscribe in advance for the Jubilee Elijah performance on the evening of November 24. Choice of seats will be allotted in the order in which names are signed. Nothing is being left undone by the Massey Hall management to ensure the complete success of the event. The engagement of a fine professional orchestra, (the Buffalo Symphony), an efficient chorus, and such eminent soloists as Emma Juch, Van der Veer Green and others, is guarantee that Mendelssohn's great work will receive an exceptional interpretation.

There is some talk of another attempt at organizing a local permanent orchestra. All past efforts in this direction have been so unsuccessful that it is hoped the promoters of the scheme are prepared to go on with the work on other lines than those which have resulted so disastrously in past years. Otherwise we may expect to witness the same old struggle, the same old deficits, and to hear the same old expressions of disappointment both on the part of the public who attend the concerts, at what has not been accomplished, and on the part of the principal supporters of the venture who, in many cases, are called upon to make good the losses.

NEW MUSIC.—Let British Might Uphold the Right, song for baritone, words by J. F. LeMaire, music by Adele LeMaire. The text of this well written song is a stirring appeal to Britannia in behalf of suffering Armenia. The music, which is spirited and striking throughout, furnishes further proof of this well known composer's talent. Considerable enthusiasm was awakened at a recent concert by Mons. F. Mercier's rendering of this song. It is published by Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co., and is on sale at all music dealers'.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's second organ recital of his fifth series will be given this afternoon at four o'clock at All Saints' church. The programme will include J. S. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C minor; Lemmens' Cantabile in B minor, and Finale in D; Salomé's Sonata No. 1, op. 25; H. W. Parker's Melody and Intermezzo, op. 20; Best's Fantasia in F; Widor's Adagio from the Fourth Organ Symphony, and Weber's Overture to Der Freyschuetz.

The Leipzig *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* speaks in very complimentary terms of the playing of Miss Mary Mars and Mr. Frank Welsman, two of our Toronto music students, at a recent recital given at the residence of their present instructor, Herr Prof. Martin Krause. The Leipzig *Tageblatt Nachrichten* and other papers also refer to the work of the two young pianists in high terms of praise.

Subscriptions are being received in large numbers for the Detroit Philharmonic (Yunck) Club's chamber music concerts, which are to be held in December and March. A subscribers' list is now open at Nordheimer's music store. It is hoped that these high-class events will receive the patronage which their merits entitle them to. The Club will be assisted at the first concert by Mr. H. M. Field.

The directors of the Musical Festival Association of 1896 met on Saturday last for the purpose of considering the question of a festival on a large scale some time next season in commemoration of the long and glorious reign of Her Majesty. No action was taken at this meeting, a further consideration of the question being postponed until this afternoon.

Miss Racine Boehmer of Berlin, who for some time past has been pursuing her vocal studies under Miss Smart at Moulton College, has been engaged as solo soprano at the Church of the Redeemer. The position of organist, which was recently rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. Jones, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. W. H. Coles.

A dramatic and humorous recital will be given in St. George's Hall on Thursday, November 19, by Miss Ethel Shafer, assisted by the Varsity Banjo and Guitar Club. Miss Shafer is a most versatile and accomplished elocutionist with a fine dramatic instinct and great personal magnetism.

I am requested by the officers of the Mendelssohn Choir to again announce that the membership list of the society is positively closed for this season. This announcement is made necessary through the very large numbers of applications which are still being received for admission to the chorus.

The announcement has been made that the Elijah Jubilee Chorus has been formed into a permanent organization, under the name of the Jubilee Chorus, with Mr. F. H. Torrington, Mus. Dir.



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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Samuel May of Niagara street has changed her reception day to the first and second Thursdays.

Mrs. F. H. Herbert and family are now settled in their new residence at 304 Berkeley street. Mrs. Herbert will be at home on the first and second Wednesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Heward have taken a house in St. Patrick street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan have rented their house in Wilcox street and are boarding for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones will shortly occupy their new home in St. George street, which occupancy has been most exasperatingly delayed by dilatory contractors.

Two Friday functions this week are Mrs. Wyld's afternoon tea at Dunedin, and Mrs. Charles O'Reilly's reception at her home in Sumach street.

The engagement of Mr. H. S. Strathy and Miss George has been announced, to be followed by their marriage next month.

Owing to numerous professional engagements Miss Margaret Huston will not leave for Europe until after Christmas.

Mr. E. W. Sandy of *Outing* returned to New York on Tuesday, after some fine shooting in the West.

Mrs. Falconbridge of Isabella street gave a musical on Monday evening.

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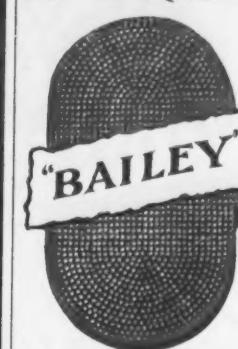
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This Company is now being incorporated under the laws of British Columbia to take over and operate the Smuggler Mine, considered the best mine in Fairview Camp, British Columbia, lying about 60 miles west of Rossland and south of Vernon, the branch terminus on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The location is 52 acres in extent, and the title is perfect, the Crown grant having already been issued. The shaft, which has been sunk 110 feet, goes through A CONTINUOUS LEDGE OF ORE, from two or two and one-half feet wide at the surface, to FIVE FEET WIDE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT WITH ONLY THE HANGING WALL EXPOSED. There is every indication of a continuous width of 10 feet at this point 400 TONS OF ORE ARE MINED and on the dump ready for treatment so soon as the necessary machinery is erected. The greater part of this is FREE-MILLING ORE of a very high grade. Eleven assays of ore taken from various depths show results varying from the lowest of \$42.49 per ton to as high as \$503.32 per ton, or AN AVERAGE ASSAY VALUE OF OVER \$147.00 per ton. A MILL TEST OF 6,043 lbs. (over 3 tons) was made by the Tacoma Smelting Company, of Tacoma, Washington, with the following results: Gold, 5.92 ozs. per ton; Silver, 65 ozs. VALUE, PER TON, \$153.70. THE GOVERNMENT REPORT SPEAKS IN THE HIGHEST TERMS OF THIS MINE, and refers to another test of 1,600 pounds of unassorted ore giving a return of \$48.75 per ton in gold.

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Angry father—What do you mean by being engaged to half a dozen men at once? She—Nothing.—Detroit Free Press.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
DYMENT—Hamilton, Oct. 26, Mrs. Albert Dyment—a daughter.
MC SHERRY—St. John's, Oct. 26, Mrs. P. McSherry—a daughter.
HOGG—Oct. 26, Mrs. Wm. C. Hogg—daughter.
SKETT—Oct. 26, Mrs. Lawrence Skett—a daughter.
THOMSON—Oct. 27, Mrs. T. Kennard Thomson—a son.
YATES—Montreal, Oct. 29, Mrs. H. R. Yates—a son.
LAUGHLIN—Oct. 24, Mrs. J. E. Laughlin—a son.
SPROUT—Oct. 30, Mrs. Henry Sprout—a son.
MC CALLUM—Nov. 2, Mrs. J. McCallum—a son.
WATSON—Nov. 2, Mrs. R. Watson—a daughter.

Marriages.
GUERNSEY—SHARP—Oct. 28, F. W. Guernsey to Rose Sharp.
JACKSON—SMYLLIE—Oct. 28, R. J. Stonewall Jackson to Helen Frances Smylie.
BARRETT—IGHTMAN—Oct. 28, Fred W. Barrett to Frances D. Ightman.
THOMSON—POWELL—Oct. 28, Colin Thomson to Margaret Powell.
ALLEN—BOYD—Oct. 23, J. C. Allen to Isabel Boyd.
HEAVEN—MCCRANEY—Oct. 29, Herbert G. Heaven to Charlotte McCraney.
ANDERSON—WILKIE—Oct. 29, Wm. J. Anderson to Wilhelmina Wilkie.

Deaths.
BURT—Oct. 29, Emma Matilda Burt.
ELVINS—Oct. 28, Alice Elvins.
JACKMAN—Oct. 25, Harry G. Jackman, aged 43.
SMITH—Oct. 29, Elizabeth E. Smith.
WHITE—Oct. 29, Mary White, aged 88.
ALLEN—Nov. 3, Horace Allen, aged 79.
BAIR—Nov. 3, John Bair, aged 71.
DECATUR—Nov. 3, James King Decatur, aged 76.
PHILLIPS—Nov. 2, Samuel Phillips, aged 77.
BANNON—Nov. 3, Andrew Bannon, aged 74.
EDMONSON—Oct. 27, Emily Jane Turnbull Edmonson.



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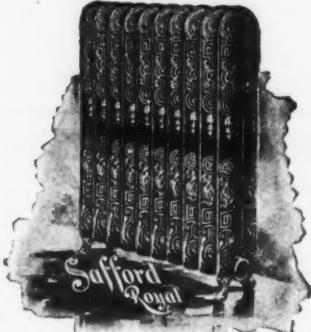
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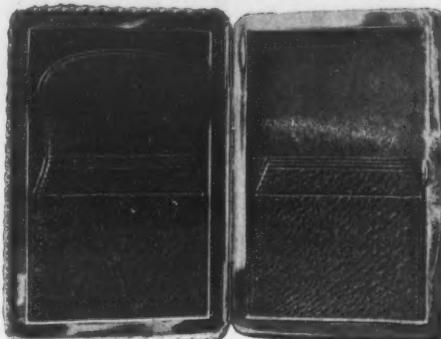
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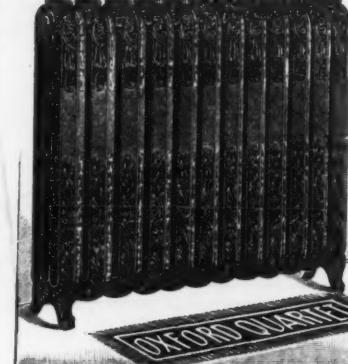
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